

WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 15, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS



THE FINEST TOYS ON EARTH!

Of all toys ever devised, surely these are the finest, most completely fascinating! With their thrilling, realistic performance on playtime construction jobs, they keep youngsters spellbound for hours at a time—give them fun beyond their happiest dreams, while

turning thoughts and energies toward constructive purpose.

Certainly, these Model masterpieces are more costly than ordinary toys, but a youngster's playtime hours are precious, too—well worth a parent's investment in the finest toys on earth!

At all stores where fine toys are sold



Model Toys are authorized working models of real machines, superbly constructed of heavy-gauge steel to outlast other toys 3 to 1.

FOR FREE CATALOG WRITE TO THE CHAS. WM. DÖPKE MFG. CO., INC., ROSSMOYNE 8, OHIO

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

MANY of our readers have written us letters about the editorial content of SI, usually telling us what they like, and once in a while not at all reluctant to let us know when they think we've missed one. You've seen a lot of these in *The 19th Hole*.

Another side of the magazine which our readers often mention is the advertising. And in this connection I thought you might be interested in a somewhat unusual experience which happened to me.

Recently on a train to Syracuse, I had tossed a copy of SI on the seat and gone to the diner. Upon my return, with the surprise that always comes when you overhear a conversation about yourself, I heard two men talking in the corridor. Said one:

"I wonder if this fellow would mind if we looked at his copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I think we've got another one of our ads in the new issue."

They turned out to be salesmen for the Pedwin Division of the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis, and they wanted me to know in no uncertain terms that SI, as far as they were concerned, was the greatest thing to hit the men's shoe business in years. They were having a banner season, with more response from both retailers and consumers to their SI color ads than the Pedwin Line had ever had from any advertising before.

Back in New York the next day, SI's Advertising Director, Bill Holman, brought me an enthusiastic letter just received from Mr. O. W. Heath, account executive

with the Leo Burnett Company, the advertising agency which handles the Pedwin account. With it was a copy of an ad they were running in *Footwear News*, which read in part:

If you want proof of the selling power of the new Pedwin promotions in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, talk to Ed Murrar, Stone Shoe Stores, Cleveland. "Our five stores had one of the biggest months in history when we tied in with Pedwin's first back-cover ad in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED . . . we had to re-order three times. Young men from all over town just about cleaned me out."

Needless to say, all this had a musical ring. And I'm glad to say that their story is related to others which have come to my attention—from travel companies, manufacturers of cars, of golf clubs, of women's and men's clothing, and many other advertisers reporting sales directly traceable to their ads in SI. But this was the first time I'd had one hit me out of the blue.

Unfortunately, in the haste of getting off the train, I never did get the name of the two Pedwin salesmen. I hope that if they read this, they will accept my thanks for making my arrival in Syracuse a pleasant one. And many thanks, too, to all the readers who, as the result of their zestful shopping among the ads in SI, are now going to football games, going to the club or to the bowling alley, going out hiking on these brisk fall afternoons, and in general, enjoying themselves in their new Pedwin shoes.

Harry Phillips

HOW TO BE A CHEERLEADER

It takes more than natural poise and acrobatic skill to win that important job and get the rosters going

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

IT may be a little more difficult for a girl to become a Hollywood starlet than to become head cheerleader at her high school's football games, but not much more. The amazing grace, precision and agile poise of the young gridiron acrobats who rouse the crowds with the fight-team-fight yells is really something to behold. And their ballet perfection is as roundabout to arrive at as a diploma.

Take the case of Laura Paul, head cheerleader at Warren Harding High School in Bridgeport, Conn. Laura has 11 other girls working under her. When they dash out on the field of Hedges Memorial Stadium, they are sometimes facing close to 15,000 people—not far behind Madison Square Garden. If you have that many people watching you lead 11 other body twirlers, you have to combine some fairly special qualities to handle the job. Laura, just turned 17 in September, manages to do it.

"PRELIMINARY MOTIONS"

Her saga starts back in April of '52, a time of year at Harding when sophomore girls become eligible for a crack at one of the four cheerleading jobs that will be open the following fall. On her big day, Laura wandered into the school gym with about 150 other hopefuls. She listened and watched as veterans of the past year went through their pep-rousing gyrations, with lectures. Laura knew that in these "preliminary motions" she could avoid being dropped out mainly through agility and coordination.

In groups of fives the girls went through the basic motions of jumping and arm-waving. About half were screened out quickly. Laura was among the 75 left to face the semifinals.

When this next now-or-never afternoon came along, the girls were given an entirely new set of motions so that nobody could practice up. Only natural coordination, not rehearsed perfection, could get you through. When it was all over, a dozen eager leapers

were still in the running, including Laura. Here the struggle for survival started.

First of all, the dozen names were sent to the school nurse, who gave them a health check. Next, remaining names were sent to the principal's office for a scholastic okay. Thereupon, they were sent to every teacher Laura had ever had at Harding.

The last big test was in the form of personal interviews with her physical education teacher, Mrs. Elinor Clancy, and Frank J. McKee, the principal. Finally, on the basis of personality and poise, four girls were tapped. It was all as simple as that.

Well—not quite. Laura and the others had to spend three nights a week all through August practicing, under guidance. "The hardest part at first," she says, "was to make your arms and



LIKE BALLET DANCERS. Laura and her squad flag arms and legs in practice session. It takes weeks of rigorous drilling to perfect such seemingly carefree stunts.

legs go in different directions at the same time."

The girls have to buy their own uniforms, which cost them \$35. The girls like it this way. Laura manages to do part-time work on the notions counter at Woolworth's and makes out pretty well on clothes and banana-split money.

A TREASURED KEEPSAKE

Laura, who is five foot six and 110 pounds, got to be this year's head cheerleader because the other girls elected her to the post at the season's end in '53. One of her treasured keepsakes is a telegram she received just before this year's opening game. It was sent by last year's leader, Dot Boenway, and said: "Lots of luck to you and best wishes to the squad."

As leader, the only thing that makes her nervous is the pep assemblies held in the Harding auditorium on Fridays. It's being on the stage, making the speeches she has to, that gets her slightly rattled. But according to Mrs. Clancy, she's one of the greatest speakers who ever came along, in her field. Before a recent Friday night game with Stratford High, this was Laura's message to the mob:

"We're going to win tonight, so there's no sense talking about it. Let's give the team a cheer and be done with it."

—DUANE DICKER

IT'S ILLEGAL...



... for an attempt to score against the Arizona Wildcats in their home games at Tucson. The penalty is severe: three more yardage. The offending team can be fined \$300 or locked up in the city jail for three months.

WIN

praise as a host!

PLACE

Kentucky Bred
before
your guests!

SHOW

your good taste!



BEST BOURBON ACROSS THE BOARD

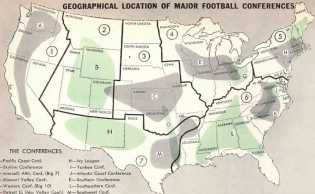
- **Fits Your Taste!** Kentucky Bred is a Bourbon man's Bourbon—hearty, mellow, very smooth —Bourbon at its best!
- **Fits Your Purse!** A strictly top-quality Bourbon, Kentucky Bred comes to you at a down-to-earth price. Try it once—and it will become your favorite!

PARK & TILFORD
**Kentucky
Bred**
Straight Kentucky Bourbon

©1954 Park & Tilford Distillers Corp.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KY. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 90 PROOF

GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION OF MAJOR FOOTBALL CONFERENCES



THE CONFERENCES

- A—Pacific Coast Conf.
B—Skyline Conference
C—Intermittent Ath. Conf. (Big 7)
D—Western Valley Conf.
E—Western Conf. (Big 10)
F—Detroit U. (Mid. Valley Conf.)
G—Mid-American Conf.
H— Ivy League
I—Yankee Conf.
J—Atlantic Coast Conference
K—Southern Conference
L—Southeastern Conf.
M—Southwest Conf.
N—Border Conference

U.S. FOOTBALL: IN MAPS AND DIAGRAMS

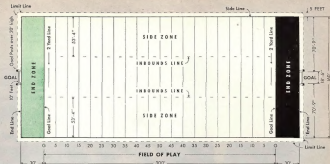
At the height of the football season, a Monday morning quarterback's map of the U.S. (above) looks like nothing so much as a general's battle plan. From one end of the country to the other, the weekly battles are organized like the encounters of battalions, regiments and divisions in a system as complex as it is often confusing to the eager football layman. And behind them stand the colleges, large and small, from whose ranks of men and women come the teams, the cheerleaders, the bands and all the pageantry which make football what it is.

Here, with the aid of diagrams prepared by L. H. Billing, Sports Engineer for the Falk Corporation's Sport Facts, SI presents an over-all view of the national football scene. The conferences are located above, and detailed in charts at right, which lists the colleges, their enrollment and football stadiums. The gridiron itself, scene of the weekly battles, is blueprinted on opposite page with all the precise measurements developed from 99 years of play.

SCHOOLS	Enrollment	Enrollment	Enrollment
	Men	Women	Students
① PACIFIC COAST Pacific Coast Conf.			
CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Calif.	18,750	5,750	81,400
IDAHO, Moscow, Idaho	2,000	1,000	17,500
OREGON, Eugene, Oregon	2,500	1,400	24,500
OREGON ST., Corvallis, Ore.	3,300	1,700	20,000
SO. CAL., Los Angeles, Calif.	12,700	2,800	105,000
STANFORD, Stanford, Calif.	5,170	2,030	98,000
UCLA, Los Angeles, Calif.	8,670	4,500	105,000
WASHINGTON, Seattle, Wash.	9,000	4,000	55,500
WASH. STATE, Pullman, Wash.	3,800	1,700	25,000
Independents			
COLLEGE OF PACIF., Stockton, Cal.	400	370	36,200
SAN JOSE ST., San Jose, Cal.	1,570	2,180	38,300
② MOUNTAIN STATES Skyline Conf.			
BRIGHAM YOUNG, Provo, Utah	3,500	3,000	32,800
COL. A. & M., Ft. Collins, Col.	2,400	900	33,800
DENVER, Denver, Col.	3,700	2,000	27,500
MONTANA, Missoula, Mont.	1,450	670	30,600
N. MISS., Albuquerque, N.M.	2,700	1,800	34,000
UTAH B., Salt Lake City	5,800	2,100	30,000
UTAH STATE, Logan, Utah	2,000	1,300	30,000
WYOMING, Laramie, Wyo.	1,700	700	30,000
③ MISSOURI VALLEY Intermittent Ath. Conf. (Big 7)			
COLORADO, Boulder, Col.	4,500	2,500	30,000
IOWA STATE, Ames, Ia.	5,500	2,300	20,000
KANSAS, Lawrence, Kan.	4,700	2,300	38,000
KANSAS ST., Manhattan, Kan.	3,800	2,800	73,000

SCHOOLS	Enrollment	Enrollment	Enrollment
	Men	Women	Students
MISSOURI VALLEY Conf.			
MISSOURI, Columbia, Mo.	5,400	1,800	40,000
NEBRASKA, Lincoln, Neb.	4,700	1,500	28,000
OKLAHOMA, Norman, Okla.	5,800	2,300	55,000
Middle West Western Conf. (Big 10)			
DETROIT, Detroit, Mich.	5,970	1,670	25,000
HOUSTON, Houston, Tex.	30,000	3,500	70,000
OSU, A.M., Stillwater, Okla.	6,800	2,100	40,000
TULSA, Tulsa, Okla.	2,800	1,600	25,500
WICHITA, Wichita, Kan.	2,170	950	15,500
④ MIDDLE WEST Western Conf. (Big 10)			
ILLINOIS, Champaign, Ill.	11,600	3,800	71,170
INDIANA, Bloomington, Ind.	7,300	4,100	33,790
IOWA, Iowa City, Ia.	5,300	2,400	52,000
MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.	10,900	5,270	67,240
MICH. ST., E. Lansing, Mich.	9,470	4,470	58,700
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis	13,160	5,670	66,500
NORTHWESTERN, Evanston, Ill.	5,200	2,700	54,000
OHIO STATE, Columbus, Ohio	13,500	5,100	78,800
PENNS., Lafayette, Ind.	8,500	2,000	57,000
WISCONSIN, Madison, Wis.	9,200	3,300	51,000
Mid-American Conf.			
BOWLING GREEN, Bowling Green, Ohio	1,700	1,520	6,900
KENT STATE, Kent, Ohio	3,000	2,000	25,000
MIAMI, Miami, Fla.	2,900	2,100	14,000
OHIO U., Athens, Ohio	2,800	1,800	15,000
TOLEDO, Toledo, Ohio	4,000	3,500	15,200
WESTERN MICH., Kalamazoo, Mich.	2,500	1,300	15,200
WESTERN RESERVE, Cleveland, Ohio	700	700	11,800

MODERN COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL FIELD



THE FIELD shall be a rectangular area with dimensions, lines, zones, goals, flags as indicated. All lines must be marked with a material which is not injurious to the eyes or skin.

INBOUNDS shall be determined by measurements from the inside edges of the boundary markings. The area enclosed by side lines and end zones is "inbounds."

SCHOOLS				SCHOOLS				SCHOOLS			
Continued				Continued				Continued			
Max	Female	Enrollment	Capacity	Max	Female	Enrollment	Capacity	Max	Female	Enrollment	Capacity
INDEPENDENTS											
EPOCHHATT, Dan., D.				RUTHER, NewGreen, N.Y.				KENTUCKY, Lexington, Ky.			
DETROIT (see Ho. Valley				STRACUSE, Syracuse, N.Y.				LOUISIANA STATE,			
Court)				TEMPLE T., Philadelphia,				Baton Rouge, La.			
MARQUETTE, Wis.				PA				HBS. ST., State College,			
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white stag



whether
report

...whether for north
or south.



...whether
for East
or West...white stag
forecasts this light
warm fully
washable*
all purpose
nylon jacket-Dacron*
quilt lined-for
any weather



For all-purpose wear: all nylon with
100% Dacron quilt lining by "TANG-GLO"
...featherweight, warm as toast.
Red, Navy, Tan, Brown, Ginger, Mint,
Black, Charcoal, Dark Green, \$22.50

Nylon by Tavel

Quilted Dacron Lining *Sun's style line

White Stag

WHITE STAG NYC, NY, 2 • PHILADELPHIA, PA, 2

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world at sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines.



JACK GILL, 16, of Laguna Beach, Calif., gave rapidly at the biggest game fish he ever caught, a 50-pound one-ounce white sea bass landed off the southern tip of Catalina Island. Jack's catch bested 120 boatloads of competition for the grand sweepstakes award in the Los Angeles *Examiner* and Junior Chamber of Commerce fishing derby. His prizes: a 22-foot motor and a 1954 Willys automobile.



MARY ANN VILLEGAS of New Orleans took up golf, but not very seriously, when she was 14. Then she found that she could crush an iron shot like a man, began winning tournaments. Now 21, the pretty brunette has won four Louisiana State Amateur titles in a row. Her teacher: her father, twice state senior champion.



WALT DROZD, Detroit Tigers' first baseman, always wanted to shoot his weight in deer, so never lost for a rack. He sits 16 ft., 6 in., 227 pounds. This fall he achieved his mark with something to spare, bringing down a 243-pound 10-point buck at Round Pond, Allagash, Maine with a perfect neck shot.



Popular Classic!



"HERE'S AN OLD RECORD THAT'S
POPULAR WITH EVERYONE, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE. AND
MORE AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE ON RECORD AS SAYING
BLACK & WHITE IS THEIR FAVORITE
SCOTCH WHISKY. ITS QUALITY AND
CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 40 & 50 PROOF



THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



*it's
in style*

TO BE COMFORTABLE



wear **Jockey**® long and matching long sleeve shirts

In this year's winter wear, top style is another way of saying top roofcoat . . . and that means warmth that starts at the skin, with Jockey Longs and matching long sleeve undershirts.

Jockey Longs are a new-fashioned underwear, combining waist-to-ankle protection with smoothly tailored fit. You'll like Jockey's exclusive angled foot opening... the special girth seams that prevent sagging or binding... the special longer-lasting waistband. And Jockey long sleeve undershirts are reinforced... cut long in back, shorter in front, to stay in place no matter how your body moves. Wear them with Jockey Longs... they're made to go together. Buy a surely tomorrow!



Jockey®

understandable release policy. By

Cooper

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5440 • J. Neurosci., September 24, 2008 • 28(39):5435–5444

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1998-1999

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COVER:Shoveller Duck

Painting by ARTHUR MORGAN

Known also as spoonbill, broad-faced mallard and shovelnose, the shoveller is a handsome waterfowl, chiefly appearing along the Pacific and Central Flyways, which are its principal migration routes. One of 16 distinguished duck portraits by Arthur Morgan, it is shown on the reverse of the foldout duck-flyways map opposite page 46.

Approved printing on page 14.

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● **SCOUTING REPORT.** Both issues in the Army-Navy classic

● **NIGHTY MOONSHINE.** Football at an orphanage. By JAMES FOUNG

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SHOOTING DEER—COOKING IT

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PLUS: ARKANSAS vs. S.M.U.; COACH WYATT OF THE RAZORBACKS; HICKMAN'S HUNCHES



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MERRI

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

BANANA NOSE SHOWS 'EM HOW

by WHITNEY TOWER

LAUREL, Md.

THE EUROPEAN invaders came by air—gliding down at Baltimore airport. Off one plane stopped a jet black, temperamental colt named Landau—the pride of England—ready to carry the purple, gold and scarlet colors of his owner, Queen Elizabeth II. Landau was met by officials of the British Embassy and a life and drum corps. The planes also brought racing champions from France and Ireland.

Still other planes brought the invading jockeys: Australian-born William Rae Johnson, the master reinman of the Continent; the Queen's jockey, Willie Smith; France's quiet, noncommittal Claude Lalanne, to ride the fine French filly, Banana. And so on.

Thanks to transatlantic aviation, Maryland's Laurel Race Course was about to stage the third running of the horse's newest classic: the International, a mile and a half on grass, worth for age, for \$65,000 gross.

For the two U.S. entries, there was no fanfare. One, a 3-year-old gelding named Brush Burn, was picked largely for his experience on grass. The other—the game little brown colt Fisherman—was in as a last-moment substitute. The U.S. selection committee had passed up Fisherman originally to name his season-long rival, High Gun. Then, two days before the race, High Gun wrenched himself in a workout. The hurry-up call for Fisherman was a little like the call that comes to an operative understudy when Lohengrin turns up with laryngitis.

"I didn't hesitate for a moment accepting the invitation," said Owner C. V. Whitney. As soon as he had told Laurel yes, Whitney and his trainer, Syl Veitch, made sure of another thing: that George Edward Arcaro would agree to ride Fisherman, a stranger to grass, and match his skill against the best im-

ported talent. "I'll do whatever you tell me to," said Eddie.

Race day dawned cold and gray after a heavy rain. Syl Veitch, early that morning, walked the course foot by foot. He came up with some hunches and a plan. Just before Arcaro legged up on Fisherman for the first time in his life, Syl pulled him aside for instructions: "Stay away from the inside; the going is heavier there from the rain. Keep out between 10 and 15 feet. If my guess is right, Landau will set the pace, but Banana is the one to beat. Try never to be worse than second. Then, at the half-mile pole, go about your business."

The events of the next two minutes, 47 4/5 seconds proved Syl Veitch to be the day's master prophet. They also won for Banana Nose Eddie Arcaro further acclaim (as if he needed it) as a rider whose skill and judgment are unrivaled by any man alive.

Landau's admirers had the satisfaction of seeing the royal colors worn by Willie Smith up front for the first mile. But for Landau, who has been under-

going analysis and psychotherapy to correct his nervous unreliability (SL Oct. 19), the first mile was the race. The last half-mile was Fisherman's. Arcaro opened up a three-length lead. Back in last place was Rae Johnson aboard the Irish filly, Northern Gleam. Rae gave it a try, but the only horse he beat was Her Majesty's neurotic colt. Entering the stretch the French filly Banana made her move at Fisherman. Lalanne, punting into the heavy-going inside, didn't make it. At the finish it was Fisherman by nearly a length—just where Syl Veitch wanted to see him: 15 feet out from the rail. "He's as game a colt as I've ever ridden," said a smiling Arcaro, whose mounts have now won the staggering total of \$17,667,692 since 1962. Owner Whitney added: "This should boost international racing all over."

Prophet Veitch wound up the happy day with the year's biggest boost for grass racing: "A good horse will run on anything. It's probably just as well we didn't train for this race."

continued on next page

BANANA (ON RAIL) CLOSED WITH FLURIDUS PUSH, BUT ARCARO KEPT FISHERMAN FIRST



ARCARO'S PROFILE is admired by Joe Blow race fans as Mrs. C. V. Whitney pairs Fisherman in winner's circle.

... THE INTERNATIONAL SET, JOCKEY DIVISION

To ride the horses from England, Ireland and France, which raced in the Laurel International last week, came some of Europe's finest jockeys. Willie Smith, 25, looking like a pocket ver-

sion (if possible) of Mickey Rooney, was on hand to ride the Queen's Landau. From Paris came the veteran Rae Johnstone, 45, the Arcaro of foreign turf racing, who has ridden in 10 coun-

tries, won nearly 2,000 times. Johnstone is called "The Crocodile" for his habit of coming from behind to eat up the opposition. But at Laurel it was Arcaro who gobbled up tactical honors.



CHEERFUL SMITH SAID RACE WAS TOO LONG FOR LANDAU



SAID READY EDDIE: "ONE OF OUR RICHEST TURF RACES, ISN'T IT?"

U.S. RACING IS HEADING FOR GRASS

by ALBION HUGHES

Turf racing, which has been having a renaissance in this country, was given an additional boost by Flakeman's all-American victory in the third running of the International at Laurel.

Last year and year before, this race was taken by competing foreign horses and our local owners were beginning to have that "always a bridesmaid" feeling. But little Flakeman's determined race halted incipient inferiority complexes and ended doubts about whether or not our horses can meet the Europeans on their own level on the grass.

Veteran horsemen, such as Preston Burch, have been claiming all along that any horse should be able to make the transition from dirt to grass sans trouble. And while that may be an

oversimplification it was certainly true in Flakeman's case.

The result of the International justified the fans who have seized on turf racing as their new enthusiasm. For inevitably now there will be more and better grass races at the many tracks which have added turf courses in recent years. The general public has indicated its approval by unbuzzing its pockets; the aficionados among the betting public appreciate the change of pace and variety given the programs by grass racing.

Modern revival of racing on the turf dates back to 1931 when the late Joseph E. Widener, president of Hialeah, inaugurated a turf course there. Mr. Widener, whose racing interests were eclectic, envisioned international

racing in this country. It has taken nearly a quarter of a century for his dream to materialize.

FROM BELMONT TO SANTA ANITA

Following Hialeah in the mid-'30s, the Chicago tracks (Arlington and Washington) opened turf courses laid out by John Jackson. Mr. Jackson is now general manager of Pimlico, which coincidentally has a new turf course this year. Even conservative Belmont Park, which views change with a cautious eye, experimented with turf racing this year. Some 12 races were held over their newly banked hurdle course. Not since 1919, when the Sheephead Bay race track closed its gates, has there been turf racing on the New York circuit. But the enthusiasm of the



JOCKEYHE SAID HIS FILLY FOUND THE RACE TOO SHORT

SHOP TALK AT COFFEE TIME

While Snailth (center) bends an attentive pair of ears and Arcaro twitches one of his ears, Rae Johnston holds the floor as the riders sip pre-race coffee. Said Rae about Eddie: "E'm the class all right." Replied Arcaro with appropriate politeness: "Rae is great. Many European jockeys are better horsemen than we are."



MEETING OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY IN THE JOCKEYS' QUARTERS

fans was reflected in the Belmont tote.

Last year's success gave the green light to Santa Anita which has upped its turf stakes program for the forthcoming season. There will be seven stakes over grass, including the \$100,000 added San Juan Capistrano. All in all, grass race purses will total \$435,000. The dramatic Casino Real turf course, opened last year at Santa Anita, is the closest thing to a foreign course in this country. It has a sloping downhill start, a reverse turn and an uphill swing. And the customers loved it.

In Chicago, too, there are signs and portents. The American Derby will be run on the grass for the first time in 1955 and so becomes the second \$100,000 grass race on that circuit. The Arlington Handicap moved over to grass last year.

Grass racing, although new to many fans, is our oldest form of flat racing. First American race track was Newmarket at Hempstead Plain near where Belmont now stands. In fact the Newmarket Paringer, oldest American sporting trophy and earliest piece of authenticated Colonial silver estate (at Yale University), was donated by British Governor Nicolls in 1668 to be competed for at the spring meeting at the then three-year-old Newmarket grass course.

IN FIVE YEARS—A POSSIBILITY

Now the pendulum is swinging back and it is possible, as Benjamin Lindheimer, executive director of Arlington and Washington parks, prophesies, that in five years we will have programs equally divided between turf and dirt races. The public, the

horsemen and the horses like turf racing. Who could ask for anything more?

In the International, Arcaro aboard Fisherman outrode the foreign boys. Riding easy-deasy (useven stirrups) as usual, with the stirrups just slightly longer, Eddie gave a lesson in the American riding idiom to Frenchman Claude Lalanne, who rode the close finishing Banana. The French filly was clearly tops in the foreign group. King of the Tudors was too big to move easily around the turns. Northern Gleam was outclassed and jaunty little Landau lasted his expected mile with mane and tail flying. He was the most interesting horse to me. He's temperamental and a bit whimsical and, as his trainer Noel Murless told me, "He's too intelligent for his own good."

PHILADELPHIA HEIRLOOMS

FAME & FORTUNE ON HORSEBACK

ARE PEP-UP PILLS CRICKET?

Hmm!

Oct. 20: Johnny Saxton takes the world welterweight championship from Kid Gavilan in an odoriferous waltz in Philadelphia, as the ringside press lets out headline screams and the screenside television audience holds its nose.

OCT. 28: SI demands Baring's *Dirty Business* Must Be Closed Up Now.

OCT. 28: New York District Attorney Hogan subpoenas IBG records to start investigation into boxing's dirty business.

NOV. 4: SI announces it will print a "no-progress" report of New York Boxing Commissioner Christenberry's two years in office in its issue which will appear Nov. 11.

NOV. 5: Commissioner Christenberry orders an assortment of a dozen fight managers, promoters, matchmakers and others to explain their possible connection with boxing's dirty business. Sets the hearings for Nov. 12.

It wouldn't take the sharpest intellect ever honed to guess what the boxing world has been reading lately. But the principals involved in the mess would have to have been brewed yesterday to think that they can get by with a few late-round headline flurries.

Philadelphia album

THE Philadelphia Athletics were sold again last week and it can only be hoped that the deed was marked "all sales final." Arnold Johnson, the Chicago nickel-in-the-slot tycoon, bought the team just as he had appeared to do a month ago and, of course, he plans to move it to Kansas City.

Although 51-year-old Connie Mack was quite ill, Johnson announced that Connie would be honorary president of the new club. There were, the announcement indicated, jobs available for the rest of the Mack family, too. They were good jobs. Roy Mack, one of Connie's sons, jumped at one. Earle, another son, did not.

"Dad was in the league 54 years," Earle said, "and only one time did he ask for a favor. He asked the other owners at the meeting in New York to keep the club in Philadelphia. He didn't care who owned the club as long as it stayed in Philadelphia. They turned him down. Fifty-four years in the league and they turned him down. That's what put Dad to bed."

Earle talked some more about persons and places and then a man mentioned pictures—the pictures that hung in the office of the Philadelphia Athletics, pictures of Lefty Grove and George Earnshaw, Home Run Baker and Chief Bender, Mickey Cochrane and Jimmy Fox.

"Will the pictures go to Kansas City if the franchise goes?" Earle was asked.

He paused, and it was a long hard pause. Each picture and each name was a reminder of a day when the Philadelphia Athletics were a great team.

"The pictures," Earle Mack said finally. "Well . . . well. We'll distribute them amongst the family, I guess."

Political upheaval

WALNUT RIDGE, ARK. (pop. 3,106) was the scene last week of an election which collapsed a pillar of political campaign theory. The voters of Walnut Ridge elected John Bain, the Yankee pitcher, as alderman. That's the same Bain named John the Silent by frustrated reporters. It's the same John Bain who hoards his monosyllables so passionately that Casey Stengel, an old verbophile, felt forced to apologize



BANANA NOSE

Of Jersey Araro
I loudly speak—
Was his wag's nose first
Or Eddie's back?

—Russey Hatchison

early last season. "John don't talk much," Stengel said, "but that don't matter, 'cause when you're out there on the mound you got no friends to talk to."

What sort of a campaign did Bain the Silent conduct? The reports from Walnut Ridge are sketchy, but it is likely that he was elected without making a single speech. Possibly he was elected without having to utter a word. It is a small trend, but for candidates thinking ahead toward 1966, it has its points.

Sob of the week

On a football field at Wilberforce, Ohio last Saturday, Kentucky State lined up for the opening kickoff and sent it soaring downfield. Standing on his own goal line, Quarterback Don Carter of Central State gathered it in—and raced 100 yards for the longest touchdown run of the day. Then the referee called him back. "I hadn't blown my whistle to start the game," the referee said.

Man on horseback

By judiciously fueling a middle-aged mare named Halls with sugar lumps, 28-year-old Hans Winkler of Frankfurt, Germany has traveled a long way. In the eight years since he set out, amid the cheerless wreckage of the Third Reich, to become a gentleman rider, Winkler has seen and conquered Madrid, Paris and Rome; last week, having crossed the Atlantic in style, he emerged as the bright particular star of the international jumping events in New York's glittering National Horse Show.

Riding Halls and a second horse named Alpenjager, Winkler was four of the first individual international jumping events for the West German team, thus dramatizing a surprising renaissance of German horses (the Spanish team brought 5 German horses to New York, too; the Mexicans 2) and German horsemanship.

Winkler, a short, dark-haired, thick-wristed fellow, wears horn-rimmed spectacles that give him—in conjunction with his pink coat and velvet huntman's cap—an air of jaunty intention as he takes his straining chargers over the jumps. But when he dismounts, pulls his glasses off his nose and slips them into a pocket, he suddenly looks and sounds like a college boy on an unexpected vacation—one which in his case has brought him applause and admiration everywhere he has gone. They were the last things he expected when he was mustered out of the Wehrmacht, at 20, after V-E Day.

Winkler's father, a career officer in the German Army, was killed during the war, and the son was set adrift in a world of grimy ruins. He was rescued almost immediately, however, by an old family friend, the stablemaster at Castle Friedrichshof, which became for a while a U.S. Army country club. With his horses providentially guarded

and fed, the stablemaster was able to go on training them, and with them young Winkler, in the arts of dressage, the difficult and subtle exercises by which mounts are conditioned and taught perfect communion with a rider.



Winkler discovered a talent for horses almost immediately and became a dressage rider par excellence. He began jumping, was discovered by Dr. Gustav Rau, paramount chieftain of German equestrianism, and, almost before he knew it, found himself becoming a figure of some eminence.

"For two and a half years," said Winkler happily last week, "I have had a job with the Bayer Aspirin Company. It is not a job where I have an office. I meet people—I meet the mayor, the big shots wherever I go—so it is good for the business. For jumping I do not get paid, of course—I am an amateur—but I am not married and I can afford it now."

In talking about jumping, Winkler immediately makes the point that it is the horse, and not he, that jumps, and speaks of himself only as a sort of disembodied influence. "My horse is a good horse," he says, "because she wants to jump. She enjoys it. To make her want to jump you must be like the man who trains your American sprinters. When Zetopok comes out to run he frowns, he keeps his jaws together. But when your Jesse Owens comes out to run he smiles. That is the way the

horse must feel. You must know when the horse has worked enough and never work her one minute more. You must control her, but you must not fight with her. Of course, I must fight with her once in a while. When I do, I stay away from her for two or three days until she is not angry any more. I feed her sugar when she is good. I let her know I think she has done well. With the horse it is best to put this"—and here Winkler made a fist and held it before him—"in your pocket."

Dr. Rau, who is in New York as a scolding captain of the German team, spoke more pointedly when asked what, in his opinion, was responsible for Winkler's success as a jumper. He thumped his forehead with his knuckles and said, "He has a good head. Germans have the best heads." And, after a pause: "So do German horses."

Mud, worms, birds, fog

As they looked back on their first season last week, the new-born Vancouver (B.C.) Lions of Canada's professional Western Interprovincial Football League could look back (and not without a certain dogged pride) on one of the most scintillatingly disastrous campaigns in sports history. The Lions won but one out of 16 games, had to keep their expensive star, ex-N.Y. Giant Arnie Weissmeister, benched with injuries most of the year, and ended up hopelessly out of the Grey Cup Playoffs. But this was as nothing to their defeats at the hands of malevolent nature. Rain and improper drainage facilities turned the field in Vancouver's brand-new \$5,500-seat Empire Stadium

(built for last summer's British Empire Games) into a quagmire by midseason.

The Lions attacked the mud with giant vacuum cleaners. This failed. They installed wind machines. They failed too. They bored holes in the ground. No soap. They scraped off the turf and laid a new field, three inches higher. This proved so glasy that they bought a huge transparent plastic cover which was calculated to 1) keep off the water but 2) allow the grass to keep growing. Unfortunately, worms rose to the surface and wriggled in plain sight just beneath the cover—hundreds of birds descended and pecked the plastic full of holes in pursuit of the worms and the field stayed muddy as ever. A high, spiral punt sank so deep in a recent game that the safety man could barely wrench it out of the ground. To cap all this, fog settled so heavily in the sunken stadium during the final night game with the Regina Rough Riders that play had to be halted in the fourth quarter, just as the Lions seemed to be on the verge of overcoming Regina's 15-9 lead.

The Lion management did its best to improve conditions. The floodlights were turned off, on the theory that the heat they generated had caused the impenetrable mist—the rest of the city, curiously, was clear. Then the crowd was asked to light matches in the hopes of burning the fog away. But after an hour of this the soup was as thick as ever and the game had to be called off. But did Vancouver's citizens let the Lions down? Indeed not—they seemed so fascinated by this continual atmosphere of catastrophe as silent-picture fans gripped by a Pearl White serial. The Lions drew home crowds virtually as big as the league leaders and finished the year with a tidy profit of \$99,000.

Transatlantic passage

LAST SUMMER Judge Curtis Bok of Philadelphia and a crew of four sailed the 40-foot ketch "Alphard" from Camden, Me. to England, a passage which was remarkably uneventful except for squalls and some of the minor mishaps incident to most long cruises. Skipper Bok, who is President Judge of Philadelphia's Common Pleas Court No. 6 and author of a novel (*I Too, Nicodemus*) which won critics' praise, has written and privately printed a brief account of the voyage. In it he notes that "thousands of land stories have been written, but perceptive literature of the sea is scarce."

But in *Transatlantic Passage, 1954*, Judge Bok has contributed at least a couple of paragraphs of perceptive sea writing: "It is wrong to think of the sea as water only. It is wind and light and water together that form its many faces and raise man's imagination; the milk of a pre-esterly calm; the



"And the price includes a ten-lesson course at Berlin."

jade or sapphire walks of the ground swell; the lace of breaking seas and the old gristle of a storm; the running brook of light clear weather. They draw the threads of dawn and sunsets and weather into one great arras which led Conrad to say that the purpose of creation is not ethical but spectacular, engaging only man's conscience to remain emotionally faithful to a spectacle that is a moral end in itself.

"Man may not love the sea alone but the spectacle, and he must love it with an Old Testament fear, a combined fear and love of the Lord and His works that is neither love nor fear, but wonderment. He must live before it, but to so harbor save his own self-sufficiency, for Nature may at any time with indifferent unconcern lay her great paw on him, and the shadow of the paw is always upon the face of the deep. Man needs the sea for his commerce, his food, and much of his inspiration, and because life came from the salt water he carries the memory of this early communion in his blood. He cannot, however, write his record upon it as he can upon the land, and his voyages are an evanescent as music, experienced in a vital moment and gone, with no evidence but his boat and the testimony of his fellows. The sea has no memory, as it has no compassion and no age and, alone and complete in itself, no need for man.

"To become whole with it man needs his boat and a friend or two to help him work it. These together can compete with the spectacle he has challenged, and it is not strange that his boat should become a loved and almost living thing."

If not horses, why people?

IT IS considered ethnically indecent to dope race horses and there was much talk-taking during the 1932 Olympics at Los Angeles because the Japanese swimming team sniffed oxygen before going into the water.

New C. E. Taylor, high school basketball coach, has been forced to resign by the Ashland, Ohio school board because for years he had been serving dextroamphetamine tablets to key players. Other coaches do it, too. The tablets are known as "pop-up pills" and during World War II were used by fliers and ground troops to offset fatigue. Most doctors believe they are quite harmless and many prescribe them to suppress appetite in patients who want to lose weight without gaining will power. Some people use the drugs to keep going beyond the limits of fatigue and occasionally this leads to collapse, not from the effects of the drug but from an undetected fatigue.

Another drug which has this effect (suppression of feelings of hunger and fatigue) is cocaine, which was used by

the ancient Incas to keep their mine slaves working long and ardently with little food. Peruvian Indians chew the coca leaf for the same purpose today. Dextroamphetamine is not habit forming, as cocaine is, and cocaine in turn, though habit forming, does not lead to true addiction, in the sense that heroin and morphine do.

Tennis players commonly take caffeine, usually in the form of tea or coffee, to sustain them during long, hard matches. One doctor gives massive doses of vitamin B-12 to a prominent welterweight boxer a few days before each match but other doctors say there is no reason to suppose the vitamin has more than a psychological effect.



Coch Taylor's use of "pop-up pills" to give his athletes stamina, real or spurious, was by no means unusual. They have been used by coaches and trainers in football, both college and professional, and are quite commonly employed in basketball. But a nervous breakdown suffered by a former Ashland basketball player after he enrolled at Ohio Wesleyan University this fall upset the Ashland school board. There was no evidence that the breakdown was more than coincidence and Coach Taylor protested that four doctors had

assured him that dextroamphetamine would have no harmful effect on his players. Other Ashland players could recall no ill effects from the pills, though some said they found it difficult to sleep after games. This symptom, however, could have been a natural reaction from the excitement of the game.

Amid general agreement of physicians that the pills are physically harmless, one doctor raised a question:

Should young players be taught to believe that victory is so precious it is worth the use of artificial stimulants to achieve it?

Then, in turn, raised other questions, like:

Are artificial stimulants cricket? Is tea, commonly consumed with meals, an artificial stimulant when taken between sets at a tennis match? Would caffeine pills, obtainable at drugstores without prescription, be considered an artificial stimulant? Where should athletes and coaches draw the line, if any, between tea and cocaine? At dextroamphetamine, perhaps? Would it be all right for a runner with a sore ankle to take a shot of novocain before an event, even though many consider it dirty pool, and it is actually illegal, when this is done for lame horses? (Track law says that only physically fit horses may run.) What about those Japanese swimmers? What about the fact that it has been suggested that American swimmers use oxygen when they compete at the Pan-American games in Mexico this year?

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK KATZMAN

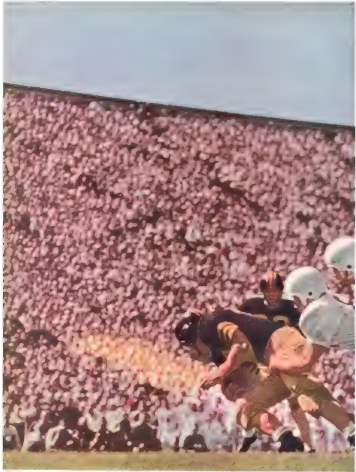
OKLAHOMA ON TOP

With rough, resourceful backs to carry the ball and a tight, fast line to keep the enemy honest, Oklahoma has won 16 games in a row—longest streak in major college football

The dramatic photos on the following pages provide a close-up of Oklahoma's formula for victory. The ingredients: backs like Bob Hendon (right), who plunged across for the final score in Oklahoma's 27-13 win over California, and rawboned linemen (following pages) with the speed to out-hustle heavier opposition. Smoothly integrated by Coach Bud Wilkinson, the Sooners have won seven straight games so far this year, the latest a 40-0 pasting of Iowa State last Saturday.

Their performance has surprised no one. One of Herman Hickman's 11 *Ellevens* and rated first in the U.S. by the A.P. writers' pre-season poll, Oklahoma had six first-string holdovers from last year's team that wound up the season by drubbing Maryland, the national champions, 7-0, in the Orange Bowl. This year they have scored 201 points while holding the opposition to only 42, and with three games left on the schedule are aiming to end the season as they began—as the nation's top-ranking football team.





Oklahoma's white-jerseyed linemen, charging hard, break through to trap and spill California's famed



Quarterback Paul Larson, spinning him back so that he seems to be running in the wrong direction



End Timberlake drives for pass gain in game which losing California called "good experience"

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

M. LE PRESIDENT'S PINKY

CONFRONTED BY a tradition that expects the president of France to take visiting dignitaries on shooting trips, President René Coty confessed, "I hunted only once in my life. I shot a crow 40 years ago." Then he puttered off to Marly-le-Roi, favorite preserve of his free-shooting predecessor, Vincent Auriol, for a little instruction (right).



BUT ZOUNDS! Only trophy M. Coty was really interested in was a bandaged right pinky, which was hit by a stray pellet from the gun of another shooter. Madame Coty, who stood bravely by during fusillade, waggled dead pheasant, one of four birds downed by M. Coty.



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

Continued from page 21



UP HILL, DOWN DALE

JOSTLING RUNNERS in special junior college division of Mt. San Antonio Invitational cross-country meet puffed over hilly Southern California countryside during largest schoolboy meet in U.S. For this year's running, 824 entrants set off in 13 flights, starting at 9 a.m.





and sticking close to a rigid timetable that allowed no more than 15 minutes for the 1.5- and 2.5-mile courses. The junior college field of 158, last and most awesome of the 13 flights, took off at precisely noon. Fourteen minutes later the winner puffed through the

finishing chute. Runners-up, well over time limit, straggled in under the disapproving eye of Hinker Lodge, manager of the meet, while the top placers lined up to accept silver cups and the winner got victory kisses from pretty coeds.



RULE ONE: EYE ON THE BALL



FIGHTING IRISHMEN collided in an unrelenting battle for the ball during rugged Gaelic football game. Some like this are relatively commonplace during rugged Gaelic matches in which a loose ball may be caught with the hands. Man with ball may

then run three steps before kicking; but while he has it, the opposition—and overzealous teammates—may punch at ball with fists (above) in effort to jar it loose and set up new play which usually ends in another bone-splintering collision.



TUMBLING FOOTBALLER Lou Mudd Jr. of St. Xavier's high school in Louisville, Ky., went all out in effort to keep ball out of opponent's hands. Action started when Mudd tried to intercept pass intended for Frank Weyer Jr. (71) of Roger Bacon

high school in Cincinnati. Collision followed, sending Weyer to turf while Mudd and the ball tumbled in midair. Teammate Richard Muddier rushed up to help, but Mudd and ball crashed to earth separately. St. Xavier was anyway, 20-14.



GRINDING GOLFERS covered up as wild drive whistled over their heads during exhibition match between American and Australian professionals at Sydney. Tommy Bolt of Houston, (right) clapped hand to head for added protection, while Marty Fungel

in front of him (left) above, top pro in 1954 celebrity tournament, bent in the lee of his countryman. While players ducked as low as possible, nose of the spectators turned for better look at the ball as it rattled safely past them and into the distant rough.

AND A SHOW FOR THE HORSES

THE MOST FORMAL sports event in America is New York's National Horse Show. Its first event takes place at 11 o'clock on the first Tuesday morning in November. But the horse show doesn't really begin until about 8:00 that evening when such members of New York society as Mrs. Howard C. Brockaw embark from their limousines at the entrance to Madison Square Garden, gather their furs about their shoulders, their trailing gowns up from the sidewalk and sweep past the crowds of curious bystanders. These ladies, escorted by gentlemen in elegant white tie, formal pink hunting coats or braided military uniforms, fill the horseshoe of boxes above the dirt arena with *fin de siècle* splendor. On Tuesday, Nov. 2 at 9 p.m., as Mrs. Brockaw and others were seated, Ringmaster Honey Craven, in pink jacket and gold top hat, called forth the Parade of International Jumping Teams, heralding the 65th opening of the National Horse Show and of New York's social season.



MRS. HOWARD C. BROKAW, her skirts gathered down the Eighth Avenue sidewalk, arrives at the National Horse Show.



COCCON COAT, other Paris fashions make first New York appearance at horse show, week before Metropolitan Opera opening.



FORMAL PHALANX at Belmont (left) and others who present trophies to winners, keep show racing in its traditional

scratches—tuxedos, white shirts and ties, 129 races. This year 500 horses completed a total of 2,500 races.



WHITE FOX, most popular at show, is worn by Polly Young with father Colonel Roger A. Young of Tuxwood Farm, N.J.



TOP HAT AND TEARS: Competitor's knee and Miss Gail Gurne's mood tension with joy when her three-gaited mare won.



THREE GOOD REASONS why Lions dominate pro football are (left to right) Halfback Doug Walker, Quarterback Booby

Layne and Coach Bum Phillips. Layne and Walker played at same high school, later were celebrated rival at S.M.U. and Texas.

PARKER KEEPS IT SIMPLE

In an age when it takes a battery of IBM machines to run some football teams—and players must be a cross between a buffalo and an automatic calculator—the coach of the Detroit Lions uses only four plays and wins

by **TOMMY DEVINE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MY PERKIN

BUDDY PARKER is tall, taciturn and Texan. His Detroit Lions have won the national professional football championship two years in a row and have a good chance of winning again this year. Not only is Parker the top football coach of America, but he has another distinction: he is almost totally unknown to the general public.

This takes some doing and Parker is the man for it. He has no "color" whatever; he has never in his life dropped a brilliant impromptu quip; he keeps out of controversy and he regards football banquets and Monday-Morning-Quarterback-Clubs with a deadly loathing. Even at private interviews he squirms painfully, shifts

position constantly in his chair and chain-smokes cigarets. He came out of Kemp, Texas (population 881, U.S. Census, 1959) and 20 years as professional football player and coach have not cured his shyness.

When Parker took over the Detroit job from the late Bo McMillin, the Lions were a chronic second-division club and there was expectation that the next visitor to the downtown offices would be the sheriff with the usual notice. The team was a small Balkan province filled with internecine warfare, and the directors alternated between bleats of pain and cries of rage. Since that time Parker's record with the Lions has consisted of 30 victories,

10 defeats and one tie. The Detroit franchise is now generally regarded as an uranium mine.

Raymond K. (Buddy) Parker is 46 years old and looks like an athlete. He is trim and well-conditioned, with 200 pounds on a six-foot frame. He retains the nasal twang of his Southwestern drawl and has the leathery lined face of an apple that has been too long in the sun. His dark hair hasn't even a fleck of gray and is parted neatly on the right.

Parker's greatest achievement is in beating Paul Brown, once regarded as the miracle man of football. No Parker-coached team had ever lost to Brown's Cleveland monsters, either in exhibi-

tion, regular season or play-off games until Brown pulled a mild upset last season when his Eastern All-Stars beat the West. The Lions N.F.L. championships in 1962 and 1963 were gained by beating Cleveland, 17-7 and 17-16. Brown is balding, complicated and morose. Before each play, he sends in a guard with orders for the next play; Parker gives his quarterback all the leeway in the world.

"That 'play messenger' stuff is the bunk," says Parker. "What's so mysterious about football?"

WHY BUMFOZZLE THEM?

Parker's coaching reflects his personality. His manner is plain and simple. He coaches his team that way.

"If you ask me," he says, "what ruins most teams is over-coaching. I can sit here in my office and think up plays by the yard. You set up an offense and then you think I'd better add this play" and a helpful assistant suggests "Let's put this in." What about the players out there on the line of scrimmage who have to solve these masterpieces on the spur of the moment? They're smart enough, but why bumfozzle them? We've gone through games where we used only four basic plays and the variations you get off them. You don't outmaneuver teams in this league, you beat them with good solid blocking and tackling."

In a game this year at Briggs Stadium against Los Angeles (Lions 21; Rams 3), Parker motioned Quarterback Tom Dublinski to the sidelines during a time out.

"I gave him what I thought was a pretty good play," says Buddy, "but Dublinski just shook his head. 'I got something that'll knock their eye out, coach,' he said. Tom went back in the huddle, called the play, and it went for long yardage."

Parker has now gone in strong for defense. In their third game of the year, the Lions blanked Baltimore, 38-0. It marked the first time since 1945 that a Detroit team had shut out a rival, a stretch of 187 games. During a span of three early season games against the Chicago Bears, Baltimore and Los Angeles, Detroit's defense went 110 minutes without yielding a touchdown.

Critics have held that professional football's popularity was built on free-scoring games and that tight defensive play would drive fans away, but Parker doesn't believe it.

"It might be different if Detroit had a defense and nothing else," he says, "but we can move the ball with the

best of them. I'm sick of 'Basketball on the Green' and I think the fans are, too. Our defensive men get as much applause when they leave the field as our touchdown boys do."

Thirty minutes of every practice session is given to defensive work. The entire practice Thursday is devoted to it and half the final practice on Friday. Parker is a believer in short practice periods.

"When I was a player," says Buddy, "I got to hate those three-hour tortures. We do 30 minutes early in the season and later in the year cut it down to an hour. When we're on the field, we run; we do our talking in the clubhouse. I found out long ago that you don't beat the enemy on Sunday by murdering each other on Wednesday."

As a player Parker was even less a celebrity than he has been as coach. With little known Century College in Louisiana during the 1934 season, he was an unheralded quarterback who managed to gain, unappreciated by most followers, close to 1,600 yards rushing. The Lions saw him and invited him to alternate between full-back and blocking halfback as a substitute for the great Ace Gotsdiner and Frank Christensen. The Lions won the championship in 1935 and finished third in their league the next year. In 1937 Parker was traded to the unbelievably bad Chicago Cardinals who managed to lose 55 games while winning only 17. Parker retired virtually unknown in 1943.

Next year, however, he became an

(continued on page 32)

DETROIT ROSTER

OFFENSIVE	BOTH	DEFENSIVE
CENTERS		
AME, CHARLES F. 23, 6'2", 208 lbs. U.S.C.	TERGELSON, LESTER E. 25, 6', 215 lbs. Wash. St.	
WIGOTA, ANDREW J. 24, 6'2", 225 lbs. U.N.C.		
GUARDS		
STANFEL, RICHARD S. 27, 6'2", 248 lbs. San Fran.	MARTIN, JAMES 30, 6'2", 229 lbs. N.D. DEWELL, HARLEY 28, 6'1", 225 lbs. Texas	BINGAMAN, LESTER 23, 6'2", 248 lbs. Illinois SCHMIDT, JOSEPH P. 22, 6', 220 lbs. Pac.
TACKLES		
CRECKENBERG, LOUIS 27, 6'4", 250 lbs. Wm. & Mary	NEASE, GILBERT 24, 6'2", 239 lbs. Murray St.	PERRY, GERALD 24, 6'4", 245 lbs. Calif.
NEEDHAM, THURMAN F. 27, 6'0", 215 lbs. Col. A&M	MILLER, ROBERT M. 23, 6'2", 225 lbs. Virg.	
ENDS		
BOE, CLOYCE R. 31, 6'4", 220 lbs. W. Texas	DORAN, JAMES R. 25, 6'2", 200 lbs. Iowa St.	CAHN, JAMES E. 26, 6'4", 209 lbs. Alabama
DRIBBLE, DONALD 25, 6'2", 195 lbs. Mich. St.	HART, LEON J. 23, 6'0", 200 lbs. N.D.	DAVE, ROBERT 23, 6'2", 223 lbs. N.D. GARDNER, ROBERT 25, 6'2", 218 lbs. Ohio State
QUARTERBACKS		
DUBLINSKI, TOM 24, 6'2", 198 lbs. Utah	LAINE, ROBERT L. 27, 6'1", 208 lbs. Texas	
HALFBACKS		
CARPENTER, LEWIS 22, 6'1", 204 lbs. Arkansas	GERARD, CARL 27, 6'11", 175 lbs. Wisc.	CHRISTIANSEN, JACK 26, 6'1", 180 lbs. Cal. A&M
HOERNSCHEMEYER, BOB 20, 6', 190 lbs. Indiana		DAVIS, JAMES V. 26, 5'10", 172 lbs. Cal. A&M
HERBER, RICHARD 22, 6'2", 220 lbs. Taba		HARTLIVAGE, CARL E. 24, 6', 185 lbs. Syracuse
WALKER, C. DEAN 26, 5'10", 172 lbs. S.M.U.		STEVES, WILLIAM E. 23, 6', 169 lbs. U.C.S.A.
FULLBACKS		
BURMAN, WILLIAM E. 23, 6'2", 210 lbs. Wm. & Mary	SMITH, ROBERT L. 24, 6', 204 lbs. Texas A&M	



ROVER BOY

Robert Christenberry rode into office with crowds cheering his promise to chase out the hoodlums. Now, as he enters his fourth year as chairman of

by **DAN PARKER**

EVER since James Aloysius Farley became Postmaster General, aspiring politicians have regarded the chairmanship of the New York State Athletic Commission as a gateway to statesmanship. Robert Keaton Christenberry, a New York hotel executive, may have had this idea in mind three years ago when he accepted Governor Thomas E. Dewey's call to purge the hoodlum-infested boxing racket. With a pledge to drive the gangsters out of the sport or lead a movement to repeal the Walker Law, which had legalized prize fights in 1928, Dewey's White Knight took office on September 25, 1945. As Christenberry's fourth year in office gets under way, people are beginning to ask: "When does his cleanup campaign start?"

ALL WORDS AND NO ACTION

The must truth is that Chairman Christenberry, in three years, has been a Don Quixote tilting at the wrong windmills. He made a public spectacle of the futility of his highly publicized cleanup campaign last March by accepting a plaque from an organization of boxing managers infiltrated by the very influences he had promised to drive out of boxing. The forces he pledged to exorcise are more firmly entrenched than ever. The Walker Law, instead of being repealed, has been amended to raise Chairman Christenberry's salary, augment his staff and give him broader powers than any other commissioner has ever had in New York—but which he hasn't yet used. His only worthwhile accomplishments have been permitting the Medical Advisory Board, set up before he took office, to function and instituting a system of automatic suspensions for fighters who are knocked out or injured in bouts.

In spite of his obvious failure as a gang-buster, Chairman Christenberry, an old hand at publicizing himself, has been able to use the channels of self-

CHRISTENBERRY prams on a Times Square corner across from the Astor Hotel.

James McConville

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

IN THE JUNGLES OF BOXING

the New York Athletic Commission, the crowds are silent and the Carbos and Cocos are still doing fight fans and televisioners right in the eye

exploitation opened up to him by his boxing post to herald himself as a conquering hero. Long active in the Boy Scout movement, he approached his boxing post with the zeal of an Eagle Scout and the conviction that racketeers could be blasted out of the sport with scareheads mentioning his name. Under Christenberry's predecessors—including Eddie Egan, a Rhodes scholar and onetime Olympic light heavyweight champion, whose friendly nature and genuine love for boxing prevented him from taking a realistic view of the profession—a hoodlum named Frankie Carbo grew so powerful that soon he and his underworld associates controlled most of the important fighters through front men.

When James Norris and his Chicago associate, Art Wirtz, took over Miles Jacobs' 29th Century Sporting Club and organized the International Boxing Club, they inherited Carbo and his friends. Although young Norris has more millions than most people have, he likes to gamble and has a strange preference for the company of characters such as Carbo and Golfbag Sammy Hunt, the Chicago hood. He once wrote a to-whom-it-may-concern letter which was shown to Judge Grady L. Crawford of Miami, extolling the virtues of Eddie Coco, convicted of second-degree murder. Coco, now free on bail pending the outcome of his appeal from a life sentence, is one of the undercover managers Christenberry promised to drive out of boxing.

A series of fatalities in New York rings brought about Egan's resignation in 1959, and Christenberry came galloping onto the scene, brandishing his broadsword, Excaliflower, and calling on all gangsters to take to their heels. The day after he took office, Christenberry sat at ringside in the Polo Grounds and saw Sandy Saddler and Willie Pep put on one of the foulest brawls ever held in the New York Commission's jurisdiction. Christenberry, seeing his chance to break in with an explosion, revoked Pep's license, suspended Saddler indefinitely and fined Charley Johnston, Saddler's man-



CRIMINAL PORTRAIT OF EDDIE COCO—secretary of the police. He once managed Rocky Graziano, and is still a power in boxing though a convicted murderer.

ager, \$100 for accusing Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the commission doctor, of trying to influence the decision of Aris Aidaia, one of the judges.

After the excitement of his slambang debut had died down and he had a chance to look around, it didn't take Christenberry long to find out that his promises couldn't have been fulfilled, even if he had had Sir Galahad supporting him instead of a group of politically appointed assistants, some of whom were spies for the L.B.C. Often, the commission's innermost secrets were telephoned to Madison Square Garden before the private meeting at which they were discussed had been adjourned. The odd part is that Chairman Christenberry, although aware of this situation, did nothing about it.

MORE MONEY, MORE AUTHORITY

At the time, however, Christenberry thought everything would turn out all right if the boxing laws were amended to provide him with enough undercover men to root out the gangsters, with a salaried medical advisor and with authority to revoke the license of anyone convicted of a crime or found associating with a known criminal. In April of 1962 Governor Dewey signed one bill containing all these provisions and another raising the chairman's salary from \$7,500 to \$12,000 and the pay of the other two commissioners from \$25 to \$50 for each meeting they attended.

Armed with additional authority,

assistants and salary, and encouraged by a vote of confidence from the State Legislature and the press, Christenberry renewed his newspaper war against the boxing trust and the gangsters. In a blistering magazine article titled "My Ragged Education in Boxing," he gave the names and records of some of the big heels in the fight racket. The reaction to this blast was like an ear-splitting echo bouncing back at Battling Bob. The better minds of the seek-and-bust-'em racket held that Christenberry should not have dragged into print the prison records of those named in his article because the men had paid their debt to society and were trying to earn an honest living in boxing—a contradiction in terms if ever there was one.

The L.B.C., now openly hostile to Christenberry, hit back at the crusader where it hurt him most—in the New York State treasury. Promoter Norris announced that he was going to stage most of his important fights out of town. The L.B.C. now had its attacker on the defense, having maneuvered him into the embarrassing position, for a hotel man, of seeming to have driven boxing itself, and the tourist business it attracts, out of New York.

A glad-hander by instinct, Commissioner Christenberry suddenly lost his zeal for gangster-busting. His public statements began to take on a more moderate tone. After he had been in office for a year, he said: "I've learned this: that everybody connected with

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boxing is not necessarily a racial. . . . I am willing to admit there are many exaggerated ideas about the evil in boxing. They existed not only in my mind but in many others. But when I came into this, I found the field flooded with misconceptions and loose charges. We started tracing them down and found out they didn't add up."

ERECLE AND CARBO

Shortly after this, the New York State Crime Commission turned its attention to the boxing racket and made public some transcripts of conversations its agents had overheard on tapped wires, which would have started Commissioner Christenberry worrying if by this time he hadn't adopted the policies of the three monkeys. A boxing manager named Annello Erecle (known in the trade as "Mr. T") fell back on the Fifth Amendment when asked if Frankie Carbo called him his cousin and if Carbo had been instrumental in getting his fighter, Fat Marouse, bouts in Madison Square Garden, as the tapped-wire transcripts indicated. Erecle held a boxing license although he had a record of six arrests and had served time on Blackwell's Island for attempted grand larceny. Mr. Christenberry promptly suspended the license without explaining how the compulsory fingerprint law had failed to trap Erecle at license renewal time. At the same Crime Commission hearing, Carbo himself was called. Af-



DISCONSOLATE GRAHAM flanked by Trainer Whitney Bernstein and Manager Irv Cohen—hadn't got news of reversal of decision when this picture was taken.

ter admitting his identity, he stared at the wall for 15 solid minutes, refusing to answer a single question.

However, to show his fearlessness and perk up his publicity, Commissioner Christenberry made a bold move at Madison Square Garden on the night of December 19, 1952. After a close fight between Billy Graham and Joey Giardello had been decided in Giardello's favor by a 2-1 vote of the judges, Mr. Christenberry, influenced by the angry reaction of the crowd, ordered the announcer to inform the fans that the decision was not official and would be reviewed by the commission. The chairman and Commissioner Cilan B. Powell adjourned to an anteroom, where Bob changed Judge Joe Agnello's card without his consent or even knowledge, so that instead of giving the fight to Giardello 6-4 the doctored score called the rounds even and gave Graham the edge on points.

The uproar that now went up made the first demonstration seem like hearty approval. The bettors who had backed Giardello and hadn't collected their winnings almost raised the Garden roof, and the bookies who had paid off on Joey and now were called upon to settle also with Graham's backers screamed like martyrs being fayed. The first reaction to Christenberry's unprecedented move was overwhelmingly in his favor, because television fans, many of them not too familiar with boxing's basic law that a decision handed down by officials appointed to judge a fight is irrevocable, thought it was about time someone had the courage to take such action.

Almost without exception, however, boxing writers, while agreeing that the original verdict appeared to be on the sour side, thought Christenberry's re-

edy was worse, since it broke one of boxing's commandments. This view was confirmed two months later in an 11-page opinion handed down by Justice Bernard Botein of the New York State Supreme Court. The opinion stated in essence that boxing commissioners are not appointed on their expertise in judging prize fights but for their administrative capacity, whereas referees and judges are designated by the commission on the basis of their skill, experience and integrity, and that no facts had been furnished to indicate why the commission chose to override the decision of its acknowledged experts.

RUBBER-STAMP COMMISSIONS

In boxing today, more than ever before, the important consideration is that the show must go on—the television show, that is. It is probably closer to the truth to say that the promoter, always with the best undercover advice, decides who is going to fight whom, and the commission—in New York and even more so in any other state—is little more than a collection of rubber stamps.

Commissioner Christenberry is the faintest rubber stamp of the lot, however. Since being convinced by his own press agent's flowery praise that he has cleaned up boxing, Mr. Christenberry has employed various diversionary tactics to discourage suggestions that the mobsters are now more strongly entrenched than ever. One of Bob's biggest triumphs in this respect was the estate cordials he brought about between the New York Commission and the congress of windbags known as the National Boxing Association. Down through the years, the New York Commission had treated this group with the contempt it deserved, as its terri-



PEP AND SADDLER wrestled and belted in bout that outraged Christenberry.

they had always been a haven for boxers and managers suspended for breaking the rules by the New York Commission. But Commissioner Christenberry saw the opportunity to pull a stroke of diplomacy by bringing the two bodies together.

George Barton, then the newly installed president of the N.B.A., would have been a good man for Christenberry to sit down and have a talk with if he had wanted to find out the real score. Barton, ruggedly honest sports columnist of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, based as a professional in his youth, has been a referee and had served 10 years as chairman of the Minnesota Athletic Commission before taking over the presidency of the N.B.A. He threw up his hands in disgust at the meeting of his executive board in Detroit last May when his efforts to invoke federal aid in driving the criminal element out of boxing were blocked.

FACING THE FBI

Worried by the futility of his efforts, Barton said: "I am convinced that I am a clump for making an honest effort to bring about needed boxing reforms. Because of powerful groups like the I.B.C. and the L.B.M.G. controlling boxing, I have about the same chance of putting over my federal control program as I would trying to lick Dempsey, Louis and Marciano in a battle royal. The only man capable of eliminating racketeers from boxing . . . is J. Edgar Hoover." It is interesting to note that Mr. Barton told the N.B.A. executive committee that his four-point program for federal control of boxing had the approval of Commissioner Christenberry.

Christenberry has been playing fast with the I.B.C., his original target, ever since Norris lifted his big-bout boycott on New York. After three world's championship bouts had been arranged for Battling Bob's jurisdiction—Rocky Marciano vs. Roland La Starza for the heavyweight title and Bobo Olson vs. Randy Turpin for middleweight boxers in New York City, and Kid Gavilan vs. Carmen Basilio for the welterweight crown in Syracuse—business boomed for the State treasury again. Christenberry was seen often in the company of Harry Markson, director of boxing at Madison Square Garden, on whose advice he had come to depend greatly in difficult situations. On at least one occasion he allowed Markson to make changes in a statement he was about to give to the press.

However, Christenberry's most ab-

ject surrender was to the International Boxing Guild, often termed a house union of the I.B.C. When the I.B.C. was having trouble with the New York Managers' Guild over the split-up of

JIMMY JEMAIL ASKS:

"WHAT CAN BE DONE TO CLEAN UP BOXING?"

ROBERT CHRISTENBERRY ANSWERS:



"There must be uniformity of rules and action throughout the country. If there can't be more cooperation between various commissions, the better way might be federal control. When a boxer is barred in New York, why should he be welcomed elsewhere? Much more is needed. It can't be told in a paragraph."

FOR FURTHER ANSWERS TO JEMAIL'S QUESTION TURN TO PAGE 14

television royalties two years ago, due to the power wielded by the small-time managers, it was decided to form a new group controlled by managers more amenable to I.B.C.'s interests. By means of the blacklist and open's prosecutions, the old Guild was wrecked in a few months, and the International Boxing Guild emerged. Charley Johnson, Jack Kowars, Bill Daly and Hyman Wallman are among the group of a dozen managers, some of them front men for Frankie Carbo and other behind-the-scenes pilots-without-portfolio, who run the I.B.G. as a faithful handmaiden for the I.B.C. These managers have a virtual monopoly on television shots for their fighters, and there's never any friction between the Guild and Norris. At its annual dinner last March, the I.B.G. called Mr. Christenberry to the dais and awarded him a plaque as the commissioner who had done most for the game.

Bob's plaque lost any trace of lustre it might have had recently when rebellion broke out in the I.B.G. ranks. A number of managers, frozen out of a share of the TV spoils by the small group which hogs them for its own fighters, broke away and organized the Metropolitan Boxing Alliance. This group presented charges to the commission that its boxers were being blacklisted and its promoters coerced by the Guild into not booking them.

The Alliance managers also brought their troubles to Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan, who started

an investigation last week. Hogan, like the complaining managers, wants to find out what becomes of the money the Guild collects as tribute from managers whose boxers work on TV and from promoters other than the I.B.C. whose shows are televised.

The commissioner is amazingly tolerant in viewing a long string of Garden bouts with wild betting angles. When Luis Peres scored a non-too-convincing knockout over Willie Pep in two rounds after the betting had gone from even money to 4-to-1 on Peres, the commissioner was asked what he thought of the affair.

"Youth, you know, must be served," he said sadly to the *Journal-American's* Carroll Adams.

SKULDSUGGERY AT THE CROSSROADS

Last June, a few days after Commissioner Christenberry had admonished "rumor mongers" for hinting that there had been a series of betting coups based on too-good-to-be-true victories by long shots in the Garden, Bobby Jones, booked to meet Bob's old nemesis, Joey Giardello, reported to the commission that he had been approached by men who tried to bribe him to throw the fight. Christenberry took Jones to District Attorney Frank Hogan's office, where Jones repeated the story. Hogan—warning Christenberry, Harry Markson of the I.B.C., who accompanied him, and Jones and his manager, Bob Melnick, not to men-

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NORRIS AND CHRISTENBERRY examine safety and commission ordered.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:
**What can be done
to clean up
boxing?**

JOE WOODMAN, New York, N.Y.

Fight manager



"Boxing is a great game. It must be to survive all the scandals. Today people are calling it a dirty business. I'm the oldest manager in the game. The great Sam Langford was my boy. I say we need more good commissioners like Bob Christenberry who can smell out dirty business."

MAX MAXMAN, Montreal, Canada

Fight manager



"Boxing has always been misaligned. It didn't become legal in Washington until 1906, under Congressman Hartley's bill. Those who claim boxing is crooked should ask themselves: 'How about crookedness in all kinds of business?' One bad fight shouldn't condemn the sport."

MRS. ALFRED RUFFIN, Richmond, Va.

Housewife



"Television got me interested in boxing. Now I go to 'live' bouts. The fight between Gavlan and Saxton had a peculiar aroma, even on TV. I've heard that some fights are controlled by racketeers. If that's true, fights can be fixed. The remedy? Either kick the racketeers out or stop boxing."

JOE BENJAMIN, San Francisco, Calif.

Former lightweight contender



"Eliminate incompetent judges and referees. Take the politicians off the state commissions. Even if honest, they don't know boxing. They can be fooled by the undesirable element. That's because they don't know the difference between good and bad fights, honest managers and racketeers."

IRVING M. IVES, Newark, N.Y.

U.S. Senator



"State commissions have not prevented boxing scandals. Therefore, a federal commission to license boxers and regulate the sport seems to be the logical solution. It will be difficult. Illinois will want one thing, New York another, Pennsylvania still another. But it can and should be done."

A. R. LAUBSCHER, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sales representative



"The federal government should take over from local politicians. I boxed at L.S.U. I knew boxing. It's particularly slick on the West Coast. Among our boxers are many Medians. Managers exploit them and make it a lousy business. A fighter is lucky to end up with \$48 from a \$500 purse."

BOB STEELE, Hartford, Conn.

Sports commentator



"Replace the state commissions with a national one. Baseball is an example of what can be done under a czar with complete power. He should be very highly paid so he can't be reached. And he should know boxing. Gene Tunney would be an excellent choice. Everyone would look up to him."

JOHN S. FINE, Harrisburg, Pa.

Governor of Pennsylvania



"Boxing must be regulated and supervised by the states. Errors committed in its administration will be corrected without resort to a sprawling bureaucracy. Supervision of bouts and of the management of boxers must be more strict. Penalties for infractions will be more drastic."

AVARELL HARRIMAN, New York, N.Y.
Governor-elect of
New York



"Boxing has its scandals and I fully recognize the problems. As governor, I intend to initiate a concerted effort to drive the hoodlums out. I'm going to speak to the governors of all the states. Perhaps we can persuade the various state commissions to agree on standard rules and procedure."

MARIANO A. YERNO JR., Garden City, L.I.
Secretary to
President of Philippines



"In the Philippines, we insure good fights by having qualified men on our boxing commission. We have taken boxing out of politics and put it in the hands of ring-men. They love the game and work at it. The same can be done here. Our boxing is booming under Commissioner Nieta."

DIC KEARNS, Miami, Fla.



Former manager of
Jack Dempsey

"Take politics out of boxing. I'm writing a book, *Letting Cus Be Cus*. I never knew how lively it could be until politics rammed into boxing. We can spot the fake and we're fighting back. We'll save the game. We've organized the International Managers Guild with 1,000 members."

MRS. JOHN D. ANDERSON, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Housewife



"I've never been at a prize fight. But TV takes boxing into my home. I like it. But the Gavilan-Saxton fight looked suspicious. Fights like this will kill boxing on TV. I won't look. The federal government can reverse the sport by putting coast-to-coast fights under a federal commission."

HAT FLEISCHER, Scarsdale, N.Y.



Editor of
Ring Magazine

"The boxing commissions must eliminate objectionable characters who are the true managers of the best boxes. Match-makers want top talent. But they have to go to sub-top managers and take what they can get. This sometimes leads to a flip and a lot of criticism, as with Saxton and Gavilan."

DAVE SOOEN, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Automobile dealer

"Boxing can be brought above reproach only through federal legislation. The President should appoint a boxing commission. A man like Jack Dempsey should head this commission. Under him should be men who knew every angle of boxing. The public would trust a commission like this."

Does anyone ask
YOU who
makes your clothes?



Men wearing
JACKMAN
Sportswear
say they find people
curious about theirs.
About the fabric,
about the cut, about
the fit and comfort.
You'll see them
at the finest stores.

CUSTOMER
ORIGINALS
BY
Jackman

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Balzac once wrote: "I have noted that most women who sit a horse well are lacking in tenderness?" Are they?





PHOTOGRAPH BY CARRY DICKINGS

WINNERS PARADE on ancient fairgrounds to receive trophies after horse and pony events.

COUNTRY FAIR, BRITISH STYLE

Letter races, pillow fights and musical posts test the skill of Dartmoor boys and girls at Widecombe-in-the-Moor

DARTMOOR, ENGLAND, is a barren plateau in Devonshire County, known chiefly as the setting for the great Sherlock Holmes adventure, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and for its hardy strain of ponies and sheep. Once a year, as their ancestors did, the local people gather at the tiny village of Widecombe-in-the-Moor (pop. 873) to show their sheep, display the muscular skills of the young people and sing of "Old Uncle Tom Cabbleigh and all"—for Widecombe Fair was the inspiration for this ballad, one of the oldest in England.

Under the shadow of Widecombe church's 15th Century 120-foot tower (above), the narrow street of the village becomes a midway of souvenir stands, refreshment stalls and parking lots. During the morning, on a field used hundreds of years ago for the same purpose, the stock is judged. The afternoon is given over to sports. Some test riding skills at which the people have excelled since long before Widecombe's first fair. Others pit rough-hewn youths against one another in a cross-country race, pillow fights (pages 34, 35) and tugs of war. Widecombe Fair remains much the same as it has always been, but even here the march of the machine advances on the purely basic: easy winner of the tug of war this year was a team which had trained for weeks against a tractor.

WHEELBARROW RACE evries first gallop to the start, then jump off horses and find partners.





BATTERED RUNNERS catch their breath after cross-country run through bogs, brambles, streams, barbed-wire fences.



LETTER RACE requires contestants to pick up "letter," ride around field, dismount and deposit "letter" in box.



UNRECORDED BY MARY SAUNDERS



MUSICAL POSTS leads to the final of the musical post race. With music steps, riders fling themselves off horses and race towards

musical posts. In the final race, the musical post race, the field is constantly narrowed until only winner is left.



WATER CARRYING race demands great control over mount. Riders gallop down track, fill cup with water from pail, race back

and pour it into carefully balanced glass jar as post. Stunt is repeated until jar overflows.



PILLOW FIGHTERS balance precariously on log. Rules prohibit them from holding log with hand and allow them to use

only one hand to swing pillow. Those encouraging darkness and rage, crowd closed action enthusiastically.

THE DUCKS ARE FLYING SOUTH AGAIN

As the potholes of the prairies freeze, the country's ducks by the tens of millions move towards hunters via four huge corridors. These "flyways" are shown in the foldout map opposite and are described below

by FLORENCE S. STUMPF

THE chill north winds are sweeping across the plains and prairies of Canada, the breeding and nesting grounds of North American ducks, and the great southward migrations have begun. As ice locks their familiar bogs and ponds, the ducks are driven into the U.S. (to the considerable relief of Canadian farmers—see page 47) in search of the water they must have for drinking and resting.

Though the ducks aren't aware of the boundaries, each fall they follow four main routes known to hunters as flyways. These are arbitrarily determined by states so that there can be uniform shooting regulations in the areas within each flyway.

Shooting began in northernmost states in early October and continues generally into December. Each flyway is considered a separate entity, and regulations vary from one to another. Briefly, here are the general 1964 flyway seasons:

Atlantic—60 days, 4 ducks daily.

Mississippi—55 days, 4 ducks daily.

Central—60 days, 5 ducks daily.

Pacific—80 days, 9 ducks daily.

From the hunters' viewpoint, the ducks have never had it so good. There were game laws in the East as far back as the 18th Century but they were mostly anticavalcade laws that were ignored. In 1791 for instance the law for shooting woodcock in the streets of New York was C.I. Probably the first really useful law, passed in New York around 1844, made the possession of game out of season a violation.

Spring shooting was banned by many states in subsequent years, but it wasn't until the Lacey Act of 1900 that the killing of game as a business began to slow down. The act made shipment of illegally killed game across

state boundaries a federal offense.

In the next decade so many state laws were made (246 in a single year) that *Osting* magazine expressed sympathy for sportsmen "caught in this maelstrom of game legislation." In 1913 the Weeks-McLean Law put migratory wildfowl under federal protection and the ducks had a champion at

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Florence S. Stumpf is co-author, with the late Dr. Frederick W. Coomes, of the definitive book, *Sports in America's Life*. She has published extensively in the field of sports and is the Administrative Assistant in the Department of Physical Education at the University of California in Berkeley.

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last. Their future was further strengthened when the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, between the U.S. and Great Britain, took effect in 1918. Under it Canada regulates its duck and game shooting with the same master plan that governs hunting in the U.S.

The biggest boost the ducks have had came with the great drought of the mid-1930s. In the prairie states the sloughs and potholes and swamps dried up, ruining the breeding grounds of millions of ducks. So great was public sentiment for action to help the ducks that in 1934 the Duck Stamp Law was enacted to provide a dependable income. Every wildfowl hunter

was required to buy a "duck stamp" (then \$1) each year.

Three years later a group of sportsmen founded the nonprofit Ducks Unlimited organization, which concerned itself mainly with restoring breeding grounds in Canada's prairie provinces. So far it has transformed to usefulness more than 700,000 acres of wasteland and is presently at work on 50,000 acres in the Hay Lake area of Alberta.

In 1937 the Pittman-Robertson Act was passed. It set up an 11% excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition (a similar levy is now made on sports fishing tackle). This money goes into a fund in the U.S. Treasury which will pay out to states \$3 for every \$1 spent on approved wildlife-restoration projects. The duck hunter helped further to perpetuate his sport in the past season with duck-stamp payments (now \$2) of \$4,542,866.

For a time the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service attempted, with the aid of Ducks Unlimited and other observers, to make an annual possession census of the ducks. This task proved as formidable and drew such ridicule from the press that the scheme was abandoned. Nowadays duck-population trends are estimated in late summer each year and the seasons set accordingly.

The map at right shows the 16 most popular ducks (eight surface feeders and eight divers) in the order of their popularity in each flyway, beginning with the leaders at the bottom of the page.

FOLDOUT MAP OF DUCK FLYWAYS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH PAINTINGS OF THE DRINKS OF THE 16 MOST POPULAR SPECIES ON THE REVERSE SIDE

MAP BY NOLF KLEFF; DUCK PAINTINGS BY ARTHUR MCKENNON





Gadwall



Rufflehead

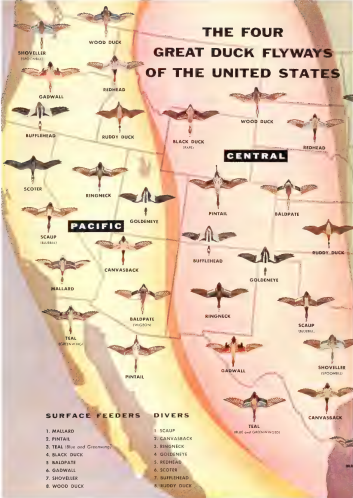


Blue Duck



Wood Duck

THE FOUR GREAT DUCK FLYWAYS OF THE UNITED STATES





Canvasback



Ringneck

Whistling



Pintail



Shoveller



Redhead



Scaup



Goldeneye



Reddy Duck



Green-wing Teal



Pintail



Mallard



Lesser Scaup

WHERE DUCKS CLOUD THE SKY



PAST AN INEFFECTUAL SCARE, HUNTERS FLOOD ACROSS PRAIRIE

On the Canadian prairies, one of the last of the world's great wildfowl breeding grounds, ducks of every kind are so numerous that they are a menace to the farmers and a hunter's fondest dream

by SCOTT YOUNG

An autumn dawn on the Canadian prairies may be clear, with frost dull white on the roadside weeds and the tall rushes of farm sloughs, and along the swaths waiting for the combine. Or a dawn may be windy, with rain or sleet driving in on the wind like flung shot; or it may be calm with gently falling snow. But on any autumn dawn at all across the 900 miles of flat or gently rolling water-speckled land from eastern Manitoba west through Saskatchewan and Alberta to the foothills, and north to the Peace River country and beyond, ducks and geese by the millions are on the move. Sometimes in a quiet dawn a man miles from the nearest great marsh can hear the low thunder across those miles the beat of wings as the big birds take off on their morning flight.

WHERE VAST FLOCKS GATHER

It is long before dawn in autumn when the hunting really begins in this area, one of the last of the world's great concentrations of waterfowl. Three-quarters of the continent's ducks and geese nest and raise broods here every year, gathering in vast flocks before they scatter in migration along all main flyways from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A man in a city apartment feels away from the warmth of his wife and tiptoes to the kitchen to make his breakfast, counting miles and shells and the prospects of mallards in his head from the moment he wakes. A country basketer hears a tap on the door and leaps guiltily out of bed because the gang is here already and he has overslept and yesterday the canvasbacks came in on the lake. A wiry old

toolpush from a wildcat drilling rig hunts goose droppings with a flashlight in a field where he saw geese yesterday, and when he finds the fringe of where they were he takes his spade and begins digging a pit waist high.

In country hotels hunters from cities in Canada or the United States gulp breakfast and hurry to their cars. In the big commercial camps the guides and camp operators plan coolly and efficiently for the kills that will justify their tariffs of \$25 a day and up. In a village kitchen a boy's teeth clench with excitement on his porridge spoon because he's going out with dad to see if they can connect with those big Canadas they saw last night in a wet field south of town.

Cars carry them along the black, rough roads, or boats over the sloughs and lakes. Some in waders cross shallow water to rush beds, some go to piles of sheaves in grain fields, some to points of land that birds cross when leaving their roosts. They hide and quietly, lead and wait.

There are sights so magnificent, some of those dawns, that guns hot from the opening barrage all across the great hunting grounds are stilled with a kind of awe and a man will tell you later, "Jim and I just quit shooting and sat there and watched them go over by the hundreds of thousands, ducks and geese and swans . . ."

Those unforgettable sights are really old on this continent, commonplace to the men and women who pushed the first plows into the plains, to the men who shot the last of the passenger pigeons, even to the men who fought their first automobiles or their last bag-

gies over mud roads to shoot a couple of hundred ducks. But there are not many sights of that era which are with us almost unchanged today. This one is, in the flatlands of the Canadian West, for your son or mine, holding his first gun on his first shoot, to see and always remember.

A VICTORY OF MAN

In a sense, this is a victory of man over himself. The other great waterfowl-breeding grounds of the continent—Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, for instance—declined in ratio to the increase in human population. There are duckless marshes in Wisconsin superior to many of the busy breeding places across western Canada's 10 million ponds, potholes, sloughs and lakes. But partly because of enlightened hunting and conservation laws, partly because humans now allow themselves to tolerate the untamed, in those prairie sloughs and potholes the Roman-nosed lady canvasbacks scarcely bother to get their young out of sight when a car goes by. Mallards take guard gravel on country roads and sometimes exercise the right of the *exorbitante* as close to farm buildings that a clumsy cow is as dangerous to a nest as a fox or skunk. Blue-winged teal, shorebirds, mallards and pintails breed among the wild roses and tiger lilies in ditches beside highways; gadwalls, bluebills and the tiny green-winged teal rise in the sun and settle again like blackbirds; and pretty little ruddy duck drakes guarding nearby nests stick up their tails like wrens and pull in their heads, chittering at an intruding human before diving out of sight.

continued on next page



CROUCHING IN A PRYHOLE IN THE FREEZING DAWN, THE HUNTERS RAISE THEIR GUNS AT A FLOCK OF MIGRATING DUCKS.

DUCKS *continued from page 47*

In the late summer and fall they flock up. One wildlife scientist will report seeing a flight of 50,000 to 100,000 mallards and pintails pass in an hour and a half. Another will report that the bluebill density of a certain northern lake is 25,000 per shoreline mile. By mid-September when Canadian prairie hunting begins, if there are more than 100,000,000 ducks in North America (as may reasonably be assumed in view of their huge population increase and the lack of any estimates within the last decade), probably more than 60,000,000 of them are in the Canadian West, and most of that 60,000,000 are mallards.

With so many ducks that limit bags are almost routine among competent hunters, many good hunters—to make their daily shoots last past the first hour or so—now make parts with themselves to shoot only drakes, and of only one type, such as mallards. Hunters who in youth shot hugely (one I know picked up 282 ducks one day many years ago, after a four-hour shoot interrupted only when he had to lay his gun on the ice of the lake where he was shooting to cool the barrels) thus have had to learn to gun for quality rather than quantity. But quantity usually comes, too, especially if the chosen duck is the mallard. One hunter recently, helping a farmer to defend a crop against mallards, decided to shoot only drakes, and at ten

in the morning when the drakes finally left he had 42 of the big greenheads in a pile at his side.

Before anyone tut-tuts at such sin-fell slaughter, be informed that this man and his pile of mallards represented only a skirmish in a rather fantastic war in which mallards, and to a much lesser extent, pintails, are the aggressors. Every year, especially when wet weather delays the harvest, field-feeding drakes hit hundreds of prairie farmers right where the pain is: traditionally the most intense—in the bunkell. Ten thousand mallards sampling the free lunch in a field of durum wheat, swathed and waiting for the combine, can eat or trample into the ground two or three thousand dollars' worth of grain in a day or two.

HUNTING IN SELF-DEFENSE

By law, where the damage is local, the farmer can defend himself in or out of the hunting season by getting a permit from the local game officer or Mountie for himself, his family, and other local residents to shoot at any time of the day or night, without limit. Often the farmer so besieged supplies ammunition for the battle. Saskatchewan, with an enormous mallard population, attacked the problem from another angle last year—an insurance plan whereby farmers insure against duck damage as they do against hail. Last year in that province the September crop damage was so widespread that three days before the hunting

season opened the chief game officer declared the entire province a damage area. Daily bag limits were taken off, and all Saskatchewan's farming residents were free to shoot mallards and pintails in defense of their croplands.

In such shooting, of course, decoys are barred, and so is shooting over water or fields which have been harvested; but the whole situation puts game officers in a peculiar position. On one hand they must enforce regulations which, by convention between Canada and the United States, protect ducks. On the other they must treat the mallard and sometimes the pintail as predators—often (they speak as much time chasing ducks as they do checking hunters' bags. They also must be prepared to have their ears severely bent on occasion by farmers from whom the ducks have been feeding immoderately. However, farmers in general accept the principle of self-defense only in dealing with these feathered burglars.

One break in this general line of the forbearing farmer is a group in North Dakota, near the Manitoba border. These farmers, who are not allowed to shoot in crop protection as do their Canadian neighbors, have formed an organization called Ducks Prohibited. Fees are paid to pay fines for members who run afoul of the game laws while shooting ducks out of their crops.

Many attempts have been made to mechanize the anti-duck forces, including experiments by Canada's National Research Council, together with



THIS IS THE AWESOME SIGHT WHICH SOMETIMES STILLS ALL FIRING: FLIGHT AFTER FLIGHT IN ENDLESS, WINGED SUCCESSION

the Canadian Wildlife Service. One such was the use of powerful air-aid sirens which scared ducks, all right, but also scared cows, hens and people to such an extent that they had to be considered failures. Current experiments with radar are not yet conclusive. Loud but harmless bombs dropped from aircraft are usually only temporarily effective. Scarecrows in themselves don't work. One farmer told me, "I've had a field black with ducks, some sitting on the darn scarecrows." A hunter said, "Had one of my best shoots last year by getting behind a scarecrow, using it as a hide."

SUCCESSFUL DUCK-SCARING

But one type of scarecrow, combined with scare-shooting, has been the backbone of one of the most successful duck-scaring experiments. This is a project which has been carried out for three years in a 20-square-mile test area near Delta, Manitoba, under a team from the Delta Waterfowl Research Station, which is supervised by the Wildlife Management Institute and the North American Wildlife Foundation, both international organizations. As in other parts of the West, many farmers in that area have fields two or three miles from their homes. Others live in nearby towns. Duck damage can be acute before a farmer even knows he's in a fight. So a game officer makes daily patrols with a half-ton pickup. When he spots ducks feeding in an unharvested field, he calls

from the nearest phone for help. When reinforcements arrive, he helps put up special scarecrows—brightly colored bags of straw swinging freely from long angled poles, topped by that twirling stuff sometimes used to decorate gas stations. They shoot at the same time, to associate in the duck mentality that those queer colored things and shooting go together. Even so, the ducks are not easily discouraged. In one 60-acre field 16 scare devices and a lot of shooting were needed before the ducks stayed away. In another, about 600 acres, 18 scare-devices and three evenings of heavy scare-shooting were needed before the ducks decided they could take a hint.

Where does the hunter stand in all this? A voice within answers: "Right where he always has—in the job of right telling lies about the shots he made that day." But the fact is that on the Canadian prairies, as in few places in the world these days, a hunter at day's end may find that even if he sticks to the truth he won't soon run out of material. The hunting population here, as everywhere, has its percentage of that sporting type who would shoot down his own grandmother, if she could fly. But much less rare is the honest hunter who keeps within his bag limit, and very common is the hunter who can't shoot well enough to get his bag, but sees thousands of ducks and shoots off dozens of shells every day trying. The good shot in the West is a prideful hunter, for he can

say in the morning that he'll bring home nothing but mallard drakes and sometimes he'll do it; with maybe a teal or pintail bagged in error when his spectacles fogged up.

It doesn't take much money. The best hunting on the prairies is not the commercial camp type, where you let someone else do all your thinking, your contribution being mainly dollars, shells and liquor. With so many ducks, and guides and commercial camp operators on every marsh who know where to find them, that kind of hunting is a good deal like buying birds at the butcher shop. Ah, from a conservation standpoint, it is bad—a hunter who pays high for his hunting is more likely to insist on what he considers his money's worth, all redheads, or all canvasbacks. They are good table ducks, of course, but no better than the plentiful and pesky mallards; they are easier to shoot than mallards, and can be idled from the standpoint of the numbers of them that are left. The redhead in particular is considered by some wildlife scientists to be near a dangerous point of decimation. H. Albert Hechbaum, director of the Delta Waterfowl Research Station and one of the world's leading waterfowl scientists, said that one year recently more redheads left Delta marsh dressed and frozen, for Chicago and St. Louis and other points south, than left in migration. Because of exactly that kind of pressure, the redhead has vanished as

continued on next page

a breeder from many parts of the U.S.

So the hunter who wants the most sporty hunting, at low cost, and with little more risk of damaging the existence of a species than the average marksman when he swats a mosquito, hunts the mallard. It's as simple as that—he bases himself at any one of hundreds of villages in the West, asks a few questions, and does his own thinking and hunting from there on. Local guides are practically nonexistent, but within the law of averages applying to all humans, local hunters are usually so friendly and helpful that a man who might arrive in one of these prairie villages from Mars late one afternoon could be out shooting mallards the following dawn. He'd need no more equipment than warm clothes, gun and shells, and a pair of rubber boots for wet spots in fields or for hiding near the shore of a slough or farm pondhole. Mallards sometimes come in to drink at these ponds so full that the last barley head is still sticking out of their bills, needing water pressure to get it down.

HOTELS ON FARMHOUSES

Country hotels, ideal as haunts for this kind of hunting, are plentiful and cheap. Many a visiting hunter also winds up staying at a farmhouse, getting his meals there, and getting local duck and goose lore first hand—or being steered to the best fields for the plentiful partridge and grouse or, in spots, cock pheasant. Farmers are almost all quite willing to have hunters on their land, especially if ducks have been giving them trouble, but they like to be asked first. From then on they usually expect only the normal amenities of gate shutting and not breaking down fences or shooting cows. It is illegal in all the prairie provinces to sell hunting rights and it is also illegal for anyone, even the farmer himself, to shoot on land posted with "no shooting" signs.

A car is a necessity in this kind of hunting, of course, and chains or snow tires are a help late in the season. Even in dry weather the roads through most of the rural West inspire about the same degree of affection as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Nevertheless, many men are still alive who have been using them for years.

Despite the great mallard population, hunting them calls for about the same combination of luck and skill as prevails in any contest between men and wild things. In other words, just because a mallard has lots of friends he isn't necessarily inclined to suicide. You watch where the mallards feed, don't disturb them, and when they go

off to drink you go in and get hidden. They'll be back. One of the West's best hunters once said, "If they're thick in a field at night and nobody disturbs them, they're as sure to be back in the morning as the sun is to come up." And because usually even a concentration of thousands of ducks is made up of scores of small flocks, arriving separately, such a shoot is a steady thing, lasting for hours. One man I know followed some huge flocks of mallards by car for two hours one day, lost a year and found a field of burned-over durum wheat to which ducks from lakes in Western Manitoba were flying 60 miles to feed. That day, he says, he could have matched any of his old-time kills, into the hundreds, if he'd wanted to.

Almost all of the Canadian prairies are good goose country, too, particularly the northern regions (although at one southwestern Manitoba village near Whitewater Lake last year a group of hunters from the district got 42 one morning in a field only half a mile from the town). The basic approach is the same as that described for mallards, except that geese seldom feed near natural cover, so a pit is usually needed as a hide. When you've found a field where geese are feeding and have watched from a good distance to make sure nobody shot at them before they left for the night, you go in an hour or two before dawn the next day and dig a pit at least waist-high. Camouflage its edges with weeds and stubble (some cover the pit, leaving only a peephole in earthstrewn boards,

Decoy help. Then you sit still in the pit and wait, hoping that the pit isn't steaming even slightly in the frosty air, that the wind hasn't changed so that the geese will miss you by a traddering hundred yards, and above all hoping that the geese for reasons known only to geese haven't decided to feed elsewhere that day.

JUMP UP AND SHOOT STRAIGHT

If luck is with you, and if you've done everything so well that the sharp-eyed old watch gander checking the area later can't see a thing out of place; and if you hold those jumping nerves in check and sit still until you see the first heads appear in the air above your pit; and if you then can jump up and shoot straight, you are a goose hunter. For best results is tip from a man who has shot hundreds of them: "When you jump up they'll flare and bunch. Just before they fall off, fire at the bunched ones and then pick a single with your other barrel."

All across the prairies now the hunters sit and wait, scout the roads, sit in marsh hides, stand and fire and reload. Ducks and geese flare away, find quieter fields or water, eat and drink. As the snowstorms come, more and more flocks pull out on their long and leisurely migration flights down across the continent to where the land stays warm. The pathless freeze and more birds go. The bays in the big lakes freeze, and finally the lakes themselves, and then the land is quiet. But next spring they come again.



Sports Editor John P. Carmichael takes a dim view of the Rose Bowl pact which provides that "representative teams"—rather than champions—will meet at Pasadena on New Year's Day to prove practically nothing



Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

It's getting near time for the annual truce on the Rose Bowl pact between the Big Ten and Pacific Coast conferences. No team may play at Pasadena two years in a row.

From scores and scoring reports, U.C.L.A. will win the PCC title in a romp. But because it was in the Rose Bowl last Jan. 1 it can't go back. This means that the Big Ten champ will meet one of the runner-ups under a new agreement effective this year.

Nowhere in the Rose Bowl agreement does it mention that this is a clash between championship teams. The contract specifies that each conference will send a "representative team" into the arena, but to the millions who constitute the "live" and television audience, it is essentially a title battle.

Why not make it that way in fact as well as in spirit, as has been the case when California, for instance, played these three straight years?

TO LOSE—AND WIN

The way things stand now same Big Ten squad will be playing Southern California or Stanford next New Year's Day, with the former having the current edge.

Southern Cal plays U.C.L.A. and Notre Dame its last two games and will be favored to lose 'em both . . . a circumstance hardly in keeping with the Rose Bowl appellation as "representative teams." Northwestern should have beaten U.S.C. here earlier in the season. Ohio State already has licked California, and Michigan has beaten Washington. The Illinois coaching staff still can't understand how it got licked by Stanford, 12-0, which Navy wallopped 25-0 in another inter-sectional game.

One of these teams, then, will be the stand-in for U.C.L.A. in the Rose Bowl. When Victor Schmidt, commissioner of the PCC and "Tug" Wilson, ear of the Big Ten, approved the clause of "no return" in the Rose Bowl pact it was the hope or belief, or both, that those words would stop any school or coach from consistently recruiting powerful

teams to maintain its Bowl appearances. Apparently this has not stopped U.C.L.A., which, of course, can sit back at the end of the season in the championship seat and say: "We're the winners . . . and we could have beaten so-and-so . . ." filling in the name of the Big Ten opponent.

Nor can anybody gain say that attitude or quarrel with it. Moreover, since the game is played in California, it is not a question of picking a team which the folks out there haven't seen before.

PENALTY OF VICTORY

From this point of view it seems elementary that when two conferences play a postseason game, their titular teams should be in it. Nobody penalized the Yankees for winning five straight pennants. They played in the World Series every year and the crowds didn't stay home.

A few years ago when Purdue and Wisconsin tied for the Big Ten crown, Wisconsin was picked for the Rose Bowl. It was the judgment of the athletic directors that the Badgers had the better potential for victory. Last fall, when it was a question of Michigan State or Illinois, the former got the nod because, largely, the Illini had been to California in 1947 and 1952.

Michigan State and Illinois were tied in the first vote a year ago. Then Commissioner Wilson called the directors into session and thrashed it out in favor of the Spartans.

At the same time, however, they took action which, in the future, will eliminate the necessity of prolonged argument in case of another tie for the Big Ten title.

A three-point "solution" has been formulated for such an emergency: a) the team which went west most recently stays home b) if neither can be eliminated that way the team which beat the other during the season gets the nod c) if they didn't play one another, a toss of the coin decides who goes. Not that it will make much difference this time, with U.C.L.A. on the sidelines . . .

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GOLF

SENIOR CLASS

Down at Pinehurst the amazing veterans
showed that golf really is an old man's game



TOM ROBBINS

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

PINEHURST, N.C.

IN 1895, James Walker Tufts of Boston, a public-spirited man who had made his fortune in the manufacture of soda-fountain equipment, purchased some 10,000 acres in the Sandhills country of North Carolina with the dual aim of improving the lot of the local farmers (to whom he hoped to introduce the growing of peaches) and of building a resort where Northerners of delicate health and moderate means could escape the rigors of winter and enjoy the health-giving fragrance of the longleaf pine. Mr. Tufts' village, Pinehurst, a bit of old Concord in the heart of the South, did not develop quite as planned. A blight killed off the peach-growing scheme almost before it was started. Furthermore, only a year after Pinehurst was settled, nine holes of golf were laid out and this caused a blight which shortly thereafter killed off croquet and attracted a far more vigorous type of vacationer. For over 50 years now, Pinehurst has been the winter capital of American golf, and at the height of its season—the seven weeks from Washington's Birthday through mid-April—some 700 to 800 golfers daily take the cure on its four 18-hole courses.

The whole year round, though, it is golf, golf, golf at Pinehurst, and when the game is not being played, it is being talked. This past week when I was registering (in green ink) at the Carolina Inn, incidental to attending the third annual North and South Seniors Championship, one conversation in particular hoisted itself above the competition in the lobby and demanded to be overheard.

"I tell you," one senior was earnestly telling his group, "I saw it with my own eyes. He almost drove the green on the first hole."

"But Fred, that's almost 400 yards," one of the group protested politely.

"That's my point," Fred countered.

"That's where this fellow drove, right past the chocolate drops in front of the green."

I was wondering what senior—technically, any golfer who has passed his 55th birthday is a senior—had accom-

plished this prodigy when the conversation, fortunately, turned a corner and it became clear that Fred was not recounting the exploits of any exact contemporary of his but was simply talking about a young slugger named Dave Smith from Gastonia, N.C., whom he had watched at the National Amateur at Detroit.

THE OLD BOYS ARE AWESOME

However, canceling out the probability that any senior will ever drive 400 yards, what the old boys are capable of is awesome enough in itself. In the qualifying round for the championship flight on the famous No. 2 course, shortened somewhat but still a very rugged layout, the medal went to Tom Robbins of Larchmont, N.Y., with



BLASTING OUT, Spencer Overton lays ball neatly on 18th green in final round of

a 70. Twenty-one entrants shot 75 or under, and six men who tied at 77 played off for the last five places. Well there go the dreams of a lot of us who believed that if we could still shoot in the low 80s when our hair was graying, we would be snatched as veritable Hogans and people would point us out with mute admiration.

THE MAN TO BEAT

After the qualifying round, Tom Robbins was installed as the favorite not simply because he was the medalist but because, tournament in and tournament out, he has always been the man to beat in senior events over the last seven years. Now 62, a tall, silver-haired man with the physique and earplugs of a vanity end, Tom is that genuine golf rarity: the superb shot-maker who did not take up the game in his youth. He was 34 when he did. He was living in Puerto Rico at this time, a non-unhappy nongolfer, but one weekend when his wife was in childbirth in the hospital, he thought he would kill some time watching an exhibition between two left-handed Canadians and two right-handed Americans. The match over, Robbins, a left-hander, borrowed a left-handed driver to hit

one shot, just to see what it was like. He rapped the scuffings out of the ball. He then took thirteen lessons, the first left-handed, the last dozen right-handed. Between lessons he practiced furiously. Within a month he was shooting in the 70s, for keeps.

Robbins played his usual powerful game at Fincham this week, but youth must be served and he was eliminated on the 19th hole in the semifinals by Spencer Overton of Baltimore, a strippling of 56. Overton went on to win the final 2 and 1 from John W. Roberts, 55, of Columbus, Ohio. A builder by trade, Overton is an extremely cool and steadily impressive player. He qualified with a 72, even par, and stayed with par over his four rounds of match play. It is very easy to understand how he once took the Maryland Open in addition to winning the Maryland Amateur three times and his club championship at Rolling Road no fewer than 18 times.

Apart from the robust quality of the play, the most amazing thing about senior golf is how it has suddenly in the last few years become the hottest development in the whole golf picture. Over 300 of the breed from 33 different states, Cuba and Canada, competed in the North and South Championships. Right-handed men are already on the waiting list for invitations. It's the same with all the other senior organizations—the U.S. Seniors, the American Seniors, the Southern Seniors, the Metropolitan Seniors, the Western Seniors, et al.; their memberships have long been filled. Today, just about the only way to join a senior organization is to start one yourself.

Perhaps the most incisive comment on the whole astounding business is that this coming summer when the U.S.G.A. will conduct the first official National Seniors Championship, it will have to hold sectional qualifying rounds to insure that every aspirant gets a fair opportunity. As the poet has writ, old golfers never die, they just fade their shots a little more accurately into the pin.

This evening as I was checking out of the Carolina, there was the usual impossible-not-to-overhear conversation. "I was out in 39, Elery," a man in a scarlet tweed jacket was moaning. "I did it by chipping it twice, and I was still one down." His companion inquired with a faint veneer of sympathy how he had finally made out. "Oh, I lost 3 and 2," the man in the scarlet coat said sadly. "My opponent said he was 69 years old, Hell, if he's a day over 61, I'm Harry Truman's cousin."



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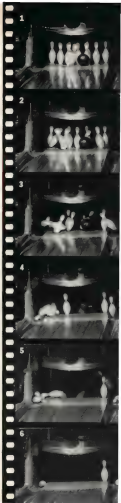
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BOWLING

THE 10-PIN TAP

It was a heartbreaker for U.S. Champion Don Carter but a blessing for the bowling game.



by VICTOR KALMAN

Chicago

DON CARTER, U.S. champion, had it strikes in a row. One more and he would have a perfect 300 and win a new Pontiac car. The last ball left his hand, and a mighty roar swept the jam-packed Pauto-Nissen lanes. It was echoed in bars, restaurants and homes by a television audience of 250,000. What happened, on a seemingly perfect pocket hit, is shown in the photo sequence on the opposite page.

Carter's 14-pin "lap" might well have been the most heartbreaking in bowling history. But it was also one of the most important, for it propelled Peter DeMet, the largest Pontiac dealer in the Midwest, into the game with all his energy, promotional ability and cash. DeMet, who bears a striking resemblance to Actor John Wayne, is doing as much this year to build up spectator interest—and boost professional bowlers into a higher income bracket—as anyone else has done in a decade.

"THE MENDS OF THE MENDS"

"When I began sponsoring a bowling show on television last year," DeMier said a few days ago, "I had no idea there was such a tremendous interest in the game. But when Carter rolled that 259, everyone in Chicago talked about it next day. Every paper carried the story under big headlines." His pale blue eyes sparkled. He ran a hand excitedly through his hair, prematurely grey for his 41 years. "I became convinced," he added with conviction, "that bowling had a great future as a spectator sport."

DeMet, who made his first million in automobiles at 35, has the courage of his convictions. This season he not only is sponsoring weekly head-and-head match games on TV (NBC, 11-12 p.m., Sat.) in Chicago, but he has invested \$300,000 in *Championships Bowling* films which are being televised throughout the country, bringing the best in bowling into thousands of homes.

Both on TV and film, the contestants roll three games. The winner re-

ceives \$250, the loser \$100, and an additional \$35 is awarded for each game won. Anyone who rolls 300 on TV gets a Pontiac, while for the film series the prize is \$1,000. No one has yet received a car for a perfect game, although Steve Nagy of Cleveland turned the trick recently against Ed Kowolko of Chicago—the only 300 game ever filmed. (Several 300s have been seen on other TV programs, but no permanent photographic record was kept.) In the case of Carter's 299, the cameraman started shooting only after the ninth strike; Carter had another nerve-tangling "nearly" in the film series, hitting 298.

"So far I've signed up 35 of the country's best bowlers," DeMet said proudly. "We've shot 26 firms and have 13 to go."

The son of poor Greek immigrants who settled in Chicago at the turn of the century, DeMet has become one of the most popular figures in financial and sports circles here. Professional bowlers, some of whom are not may to please, say he has been more than fair. Besides prize money, they receive expenses and a percentage of the profits.

A. 甲人對乙人說: 我這件衣服真美。

From all accounts, the DeBies shows are enjoying fabulous success. One reason is that bowling is hand-tailored for sports fans who gamble, since it is practically impossible to rig a match without being obvious—and anyone who did would be barred for life by the American Bowling Congress. A Chicago columnist has estimated that more than \$1 billion changes hands after each Saturday TV event.

In addition to the betting and the high caliber of the bowling, the show has a great asset in "Whispering" Joe Wilson, the unobtrusive NBC sportscaster whose voice, ranging from a whisper to an excited shout, adds to the drama on the lanes. Wilson, like DeMott, knew little about bowling a year ago. Today, like his sponsor, he is at the top of his field—champion, in part, on a 10-pin that didn't fall down.

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MG SHOWS OFF ITS NEWEST MODEL



The TF-1500 looks the same, but there's added horsepower under that familiar classical hood

by JOHN BENTLEY



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It is a world where the more different cars look the more they are the same, the new MG TF-1500 is a refreshing experience. For 1955, the most popular small car in America exhibits the same uncompromising classicism as it did a year ago when the TF series was introduced. In fact, when I picked up the car lent me by J. S. Insip of New York for testing, I found this newest MG identical with its predecessor except for a small enamel plaque on the hood proclaiming "TF-1500." Even the engine is outwardly the twin of the famous XPAG series power unit; but underneath it is a different story. A new specially cast cylinder block provides an extra 13 cubic inches displacement, adding five and a half horsepower.

What these additional horses mean in terms of improved performance is

not as immediately apparent as a critical enthusiast might expect, but that good old "MG feel" is there in full measure, with a few extras added. It is a feeling hard to describe since its chief attraction is deceptively compounded of contradictory qualities—robustness and nimbleness. You sit bolt upright and relatively high, with the thin-rimmed, adjustable steering wheel close to your belt line and the slim gearshift lever directly under your right hand. The engine revs up eagerly, with a characteristic (but unalarming) chatter above 5,000 rpm; the steering is instantaneous and you are soon aware that the whole machine is far more solidly built than necessary, especially in the bodywork, which still uses wood. The penalty for this huskiness is around 200 pounds of superfluous weight unhelpful to acceleration, yet the MG is a very maneuverable sports car, and its compact handling compensates largely for this handicap.

The car tested was sufficiently limbered up to give a good idea of its performance and what the extra horsepower contributed by comparison with its predecessor, the TF. The first improvement noted was in low-speed flexibility. It is now possible to pull away so smoothly from 20 mph in high gear, and 15 mph in third, that any kind of traffic can be negotiated with these two gears alone. Second is strictly for emergencies, while low gear would show up to advantage when scaling the side of a cliff. For everyday use, this flexibility is everything that modern re-

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration	0—30 mph: 5.3 sec.
through gears	0—30 mph: 11.9 sec.
	0—60 mph: 15.8 sec.
(2nd gear)	30—50 mph: 6.1 sec.
Maximum speed obtained	80 mph
Maximum speed estimated at	6,500 rpm
88 mph	
Brake test (median surface)	
From:	30 mph: 36 ft. 10 in.
	45 mph: 60 ft. 8 in.
	60 mph: 122 ft. 8 in.
Gas consumption (including medium traffic and all tests)	21.7 mpg
Weather: fair; road: moderate wind.	
Speedometer correction: At 80 mph	read 85 mph (6.95% fast).

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quirements demand. However, experienced MG owners who indulge in mild forms of competition might feel entitled to expect a little more from the new engine than is possible with the present gear ratios. With the transmission unchanged, second and third gears are still too widely spaced for racetrack pickup or fast downshifting, while snap upshifts tend to override the asynchronism and produce a slight clash. The optional 4.55 rear axle (\$24 extra) should improve matters by raising gear speeds about one mph per 1,000 rpm, but it won't change the relative ratios.

TOP GEAR IS LIVELIER

The other advantage derived from the larger MG engine is evident at the upper end of the cruising range. From 3,500 rpm up (about 56 mph in high gear) the TF-1500 is much livelier than its predecessor. While last year's TF took 19.4 seconds to accelerate from 50 to 70 mph in fourth gear, the new car does it in 13.1 seconds. Acceleration from a standing start through the gears also is notably better, with 0-60 mph nearly as fast as the supercharged TF and at least three seconds faster than last year's stock model.

Road-holding is improved, which means good within the limitations imposed by a relatively soft suspension not primarily designed for racing. The MG is the kind of a car that can lure an exuberant driver into a turn faster than he ought to go; but it is kind to such misakes. The rigid chassis and proper weight distribution offset body lean, and it sticks well to the road, breaking loose only under real provocation. The brakes, too, are efficient and

light to the touch, though very hard applications quickly repeated seem to induce momentary fade.

The test car was handsomely finished in the traditional MG manner which spurs rivets where nuts and bolts can be used and still employs chrome wood screws to fasten the upholstery panels. The light-gray synthetic lacquer was pleasingly complemented by red leather upholstery (genuine) used on the bucket seats, instrument panel, doors and crash pad, and by the black pile carpet and black beaks drums. The snug beige nylon top and tonneau cover have a silky, expensive look and only the knock-off type wire wheels are extra, costing \$135.

Minor faults are much the same as noted on the 1954 TF model. The dimmer switch is too high above the footboard, so that you have to raise your left knee while groping around for it. The right segment of the steering-wheel rim obscures the temperature gauge and ammeter on the center dial. Leg room (31 1/2 inches from seat edge to pedals) is only comfortable with the driving seat fully back, even for an average person. The seat backs, though wide and deep (21 by 18 inches) and nicely curved, are not adjustable for tilt. On the car tested, the gas-tank filler cap suffered from a chronic leak when centering fast, but the scaled dipstick was a neat idea. A larger rearview mirror also would be an advantage.

A "FUN" CAR

The new MG is even more of a "fun" car to drive than last year's version and its gas thirst is absurdly small. At \$1,965—plus \$70 handling charges—it represents very honest value.



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SPECIFICATIONS

engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	4
Bore	2.69 in.
Stroke	3.24 in.
Displacement	69.46 cu. in.
Compressed ratio	8.1
Maximum output 62 bhp @ 5,000 rpm	
Bore/stroke ratio	1.023
Bhp/cu. in.	.70
Valves	Overhead, ported
Carburetors	Two SU 1 1/2-in., side-draft
Transmission	5-speed manual
Overall ratios	4th: 4.87 3rd: 6.75 2nd: 10.09 1st: 17.06
Rear axle ratio	4.37
Pinion speed (at 5,000 rpm): 2,339 rpm	
Mph per 1,000 rpm (4th)	16

Weight, car tested, with	1,550 lbs.
6 U.S. gallons	
Power/weight ratio	40.27 hp/bhp
Turning diameter	31 ft. 3 in.
Steering wheel center-to-horn lock	20°
Wheelbase	5.50 x 15
Brake lining area	99.3 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (U.S. gallons)	14.4

measurements

Wheelbase	94 in.
Track (front)	with wire wheels, 48 1/2 in.
	48 1/2 in.
Overall length	147 in.
width	59 1/2 in.
height (top up)	32 1/2 in.
Minimum ground clearance	6 in.
Luggage space (approx.)	6.2 cu. ft.
Rear storage area	188 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	43 1/2 in.

assistant coach with the Cardinals. Under Jimmy Conzelman in 1947 the Cards won the pre-championship, and in 1948 they lost the play-offs. In 1949, with Conzelman out, Parker and Phil Handler became co-coaches of the Cards, an arrangement that was doomed from the start. By midseason the Cards had won two and lost three and Parker took over. He managed to salvage a 6-5-1 record for the season.

He was not for the Cardinals, though, and in 1950 he appeared in Detroit as an assistant to Bo McMillin. In the peculiar way of pro coaches, he had no idea he would be back with Detroit the following year and was ready to accept a minor offer from the Green Bay Packers when the phone rang and he became head coach of the Lions. The rest is a headache for rival coaches.

Parker has four assistants, George Wilson, Aldo Forte, Garrard (Buster) Ramsey and Paul Christman, part time. All are former N.F.L. players, with the hard-core professional outlook. Forte handles the tackles, guards and centers; Wilson the offensive backs and ends; Ramsey the defensive backs and Christman the quarterbacks. During a game they have definite assignments. Parker handles the quarterbacks; Wilson the offensive substitutions; Ramsey the defensive substitutions; and Forte and Christman work the prebunk-to-bench chores.

Parker delegates authority with avidity; the one place he knocks himself out is with the quarterbacks. He spends endless hours with them, checking movies of past games, studying rival defenses and discussing strategy. On the day of a home game, the other players go directly to Briggs Stadium, but Parker and his quarterbacks stop at the Lions' office for a last check of films and a blackboard session.

"The quarterbacks are the bread-and-butter guys of a winning team," he says, "and the toughest to find. We picked Dublinaki out of Utah University three years ago and have been grooming him ever since. He's figuring big in our plans now, but we had to bring him along slowly. You can ruin a kid by rushing him."

Dublinaki is dividing the quarterback assignment this year with Bobby Layne, the \$50,000-a-season veteran who was the key performer in the title matches of the past two years. Having two fine quarterbacks run look like a Messing and it can also mean trouble. When Los Angeles had Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin, the Rams played split down the middle, having one signal caller against the other. It

was a pretty mess, and the parallel has been pointed out to Parker, but he shrugs it off. "Who ever complained about having two good quarterbacks?" he asks.

FERVILE TEMPERED BUDDY

Parker doesn't like being wrong. He needs a good public relations man at his elbow when he loses, for his shyness deserves him and he speaks up with vehemence. After Detroit lost to San Francisco this year, he went into a staff meeting with his coaches that lasted six hours.

"There's no tomorrow for a football coach," he says. "You either win today or you find yourself back in Texas."

For winning, Parker draws approximately \$40,000 a year. He works under a one-year contract, with bonuses based on home attendance and team performance. The Lions drew 370,186 for seven games in 1953, which is fabulous.

Parker is a winner for good reasons. He is an organizer who pays attention to the smallest detail and he is also a keen judge of talent and a real horse trader. Two of his best linemen, Jerry Ferry and Bob Doves, were picked up as free agents after they had been dropped by other clubs. The deal that made the club, and also Parker, was getting Bobby Layne. What the rest of

the league was thinking about, nobody will ever know. Layne had been drafted by the Chicago Bears and then shunted off to New York, where he was getting nowhere fast. Parker bought him, paired him with his old high school teammate, Dock Walker, and proceeded to ruin the league.

Parker is the boss, but his coaching staff is run on the committee plan. He never takes a major step without the advice of his assistants, and the organization runs like something that has come off a Detroit assembly line. George Wilson, who played for 11 years on George Halas' greatest Chicago Bear team, terms Parker "the most thorough organizer in the business."

But Parker is a hard-boiled gentleman who prefers not to live on illusions. Organization is all very well, provided you have something to organize.

"What's the use of kidding ourselves?" he asks. "You got to get the players."

This is an around-the-clock, around-the-calendar job. Bob Nashaumer, who played with Green Bay, Washington and the Chicago Cardinals, is a full-time player talent scout for the Lions. Nine other part-time scouts are scattered over the country and draw regular salaries. Other talent comes from friendly college coaches, former

RUGGED, FAST LIONS ARE TOUGHEST LINE IN ALL FOOTBALL. AVERAGING 231 POUNDS



Detroit players and active players. Detroit spends approximately \$20,000 a year on scouting. The N.F.L. high is the \$38,000 of the Los Angeles Rams; the low is \$2,500 of the Chicago Cardinals, which shows it. Of the 33 players on the Lions' current squad, 27 were selected in the annual draft and all these choices have been made since 1950.

YOUNG BUCKS FOR OLD

"New blood every year; that's the ticket," says Buddy. "You got a little self-satisfied and fat-headed and your team falls apart on you. Five or six new men every season is about right."

Parker picks his men for speed, size and eagerness to play football. He can spot an All-America phenom a mile off and is not impressed by "name" schools or newspaper build-ups. The annual player draft is a giant lottery, but Parker reduces the gamble by intensive investigation before a choice is made. From the 1953 draft, six of the Lions' first eight draft choices made the squad. The other two were traded.

Parker inherited a hornet's nest when he took over for Bo McMillin at Detroit. The team was wracked with dissension and the players were going over Bo's head with complaints to the Board of Directors. Nobody likes to criticize McMillin, one of football's

legendary heroes, and the trouble can possibly be attributed to the fact that the team wasn't winning. This always brings on an explosive situation and Parker had to be prepared to act fast when he took command.

He solved the players' difficulty at the outset by establishing a "Players Executive Committee." The group acts as spokesmen for the players and gives the squad a self-policing unit. The committee has five members, selected by the players themselves. The members this year are Don Walker, Bob Hoernschemeyer, Les Bingaman, LaVern Torgeson and Thurman McGraw.

Parker is an easy disciplinarian, but there has been no general movement among the Lions to walk ever him.

"Buddy gives you plenty of rope," Bobby Layne says, "and he can also yank that rope."

Les Hart, the gangsterish end who played under Frank Leahy at Notre Dame before he came to the Lions, compares the policies of the two men.

"Leahy was a master at handling boys," Hart says. "Parker has that same faculty for handling men. He figures you're grown up and he treats you that way."

The Lions have a comparatively simple signal system and simple blocking assignments.

"There's never been a defense invented that Buddy can't solve," says Alde Forte. "Our quarterbacks often call a switch in blocking assignments during a game. Buddy has drilled it into them so hard that they can make those changes on the run."

Two years ago Detroit was trailing the New York Giants, 7-0, at the half. When the squad came into the dressing room, Parker was calmly waiting for them there before the blackboard.

THE SLOW BEATH

"Forget that half," he said. "You were beating your brains out for nothing. Here's the way we'll do it now."

He altered the whole offense during the rest period. The final score was Detroit, 38; New York, 7.

The Paul Brown-Buddy Parker rivalry is the hottest thing in football, as much from its intensity on the field as from the different personalities of the men. After a losing game, Parker is a seething bulk of hatred and his friends keep strictly away from him. Brown is no less bitter but he is more reflective. On the subject he has coined a rather poetic line: "When you lose, you die a little bit."

If this is true, Parker may someday be remembered as Brown's executioner.

PER MAN, FROM LEFT, JIM CAIN, LAVERN TORGESON, BOB MILLER, LES BINGAMAN, GERRY PERRY, JOE SCHMIDT AND GONNY GANDEE



GOALIE SAWCHUK'S ROUGH NIGHT

Detroit and Montreal continued their hot hockey war last week. The heat had Detroit's Terry Sawchuk hopping in the goal much most of the evening

GOALIE Terry Sawchuk of the National Hockey League's Detroit Red Wings is generally considered to be the finest net-minder extant. In Detroit's drive for an unprecedented seventh straight league championship, Sawchuk is an indispensable factor.

Last week the Montreal Canadiens, a team experts give the best chance to



1

SAWCHUK CLEARS HARD SHOT BLASTED AT HIM FROM LEFT IN THE FIRST MINUTES



2

BUT PUCK SLIDES FROM HIS STICK TOWARD



4

OLMSTEAD SHOOTS. SAWCHUK HOPS INTO ACTION AS BOB GOLDHAM SKATES TO AID



5

BUT TERRY NEEDS NO HELP. HE CLEANS

depose the Red Wings, defeated Detroit 4 to 1 at the Montreal Forum and gave Sawchuk a rough and busy evening. Gordie Howe, the forward who is to the Red Wings offense what Sawchuk is to their defense, was hospitalized with a shoulder injury. Without Howe's potent stick to worry about, Les Canadiens could concentrate on

slamming the puck past Sawchuk—and they did. During the evening Terry turned away 23 shots. But when Sawchuk is busiest, he is best. The 14,431 fans saw Terry twist and turn and do ballet splits. For a while Sawchuk was successful, but an unstoppable Montreal attack wore the Red Wings and their goalie down.

The victory put Montreal into first place and dropped Detroit to second. But it was early in hockey's long, long season, and soon, Red Wing fans knew, Gordie Howe would be back. Sawchuk, the fans knew too, would keep working in the nets, on busy nights and slow, handling the job of goalie as brilliantly as anyone else on ice.

PREPARED BY DAVID WATSON



BEST GIMSTEAD, FORWARD FOR MONTREAL



3

GIMSTEAD, MOVING CLOSER TO GOAL MOUTH, SETS HIMSELF TO DRIVE PUCK HOME



BLOCKS GIMSTEAD SHOT FOR SECOND SAVE



6

JOB DONE, GOALIE SAWCHUK LOSES HIS BALANCE AND SLIPS ACROBATICALLY TO ICE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOPER

For years the name Slippery Rock has been a password to humor in college football. Football enthusiasts who watch in awe the procession of the great each autumn Saturday find relaxation in the incongruity of seeing Slippery Rock's score listed close to Southern California's. But Slippery Rock is a good deal more than a line of agate, as an SI staff writer found when he visited there last week.

by ROBERT CREAMER

SLIPPERY ROCK is a teachers college in western Pennsylvania about 45 miles north of Pittsburgh—one of 14 state teachers colleges in Pennsylvania. It was founded in 1889, has an enrollment of 836, and sits on a very pretty campus half a mile from the dead center of downtown Slippery Rock.

Slippery Rock itself is a small (pop. 2,282), quiet town with one movie and two stop lights. It is named for Slippery Rock Creek. The creek in turn is named for any one of the large, flat limestone slabs lining its sides and bottom. A legend says an early settler escaped from an Indian when the Indian slipped on one of the rocks. The legend fails to mention the name of the settler or the Indian.

All of the 14 Pennsylvania state teachers colleges train student teachers in elementary and secondary education, and each also has one or more special departments. Slippery Rock's specialty is Health and Physical Education. Both men and women students compete the year round in intramural sports. Men play ten intercollegiate sports—football, cross-country, soccer, golf, basketball, swimming, baseball, track and field, tennis and gymnastics. Participation is encouraged.

Over 100 of the 382 men traveled in the school turned out for varsity football this fall. There is definitely no movement towards de-emphasis at Slippery Rock.

What is emphasized, however, is the complete lack of subsidization of athletics. There are no athletic scholarships (baiting, except for minor fees, is free to Pennsylvania residents; only a handful of students come from other states). There are no special inducements to entice likely-looking high school athletes; no training table, no free rooms or free books; no special jobs reserved for them on campus or in town.

A few of the boys who play football at Slippery Rock were offered athletic scholarships from other schools, but most were never that good. Nevertheless, football is the big sport on campus, principally because of the nationwide publicity the school enjoys—or suffers—but also because, the players claim, football is fun at Slippery Rock.

Joe Pekar, a powerfully built senior, explained:

"In the high school I went to, football was very important. Sometimes there were five or six thousand people at a game. In the summer we used to

continued on page 61



"OLD HUNK" ABOVE DOMINATES CAMPUS





ROCKETS (BELOW): STAGE LAST-MINUTE DRILL



STUDENTS DRAM TOGETHER ALONG SLIPPERY ROCK CREEK, TWO MILES FROM CAMPUS



SLIPPERY ROCK continued from page 62

go to a summer football camp, like the big colleges and the pros. In high school." He shook his head. "Up here, if you're hurt you don't play. In high school I played with a cast on my hand. I mean, in that high school football game first. Here, you play because it's something to do. It's fun."

It may be fun, but it is also hard work. There is no spring training and very little preseason practice. Daily workouts don't start until four o'clock because of classes. It gets dark about five.

It is hard for unskilled players to learn good football in a schedule as tight as that and the result is often mediocrity. Mediocrity can be discouraging.

But if mediocrity is discouraging, pride is encouraging, and at Slippery Rock there is great pride. It is not a defiant pride—one that says, well, we're stuck with Slippery Rock, we'd better make the most of it. It is, rather, a pride based on a cheerful appreciation of very real values—a highly skilled faculty, a self-reliant, responsible student body, a lively educational program, an atmosphere of friendliness that permeates every part of the campus.

This year, however, Slippery Rock's pride took a severe beating on the football field. The team lost four of its first five games.

"When we're weak it's hard for us to win," Joe Pekar said. "They all love to



SLIPPERY ROCK COACH STACKHOUSE GAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO JOE PEKAR ON SIDELINES

beat us. I guess it's because we're Slippery Rock." Like Notre Dame, Slippery Rock's reputation can be a millstone around its neck.

Last Saturday powerful Clarion State came to town, a strong favorite to win. In an effort to confuse Clarion's powerful offense, Coach Chester Stackhouse of Slippery Rock devised a radical defensive pattern based on, of all things, a three-man line. Five linebackers would play close behind the line and charge inside or outside in any one of a half-dozen variations.

Stackhouse introduced his team to the new defense on Tuesday and worked on it in practice all week. On Saturday the players were in uniform at noon, cramped behind desks in a classroom as Stackhouse went over the defense on a blackboard. At one they were on the leaf-littered campus lawn, hanging against each other in tight contact work.

A few minutes before two, the team left the lawn and filed across campus to Thompson Field. "Let's go, Rockets," a student yelled. "An upset?"

SLIPPERY ROCK (STRIPED SHIRTS) USED RADICAL THREE-MAN LINE WITH CHARGING LINEBACKERS AGAINST POWERFUL CLARION



There was no upset, though for a few minutes it seemed as if there might be: the unorthodox defense was stopping Clarion. But victory depended on driving, spirited play, and three punting, bad breaks crushed that spirit. A touchdown on an intercepted pass was called back because of a clipping penalty. A beautiful punt to the 50-yard line was wasted when another clipping penalty on the return punt sent Slippery Rock back to its own 48. There, they lost the ball on a fumble on first down, and two plays later Clarion scored.

Slippery Rock had a couple of good moments after that—the offense got rolling for a few plays—but for all intents and purposes the game was over. It was all Clarion: 7-0 at the quarter, 16-0 at the half, 30-0 at the third quarter, 38-0 at the end.

With 57 seconds to go, Joe Pekar came out of the game. Football may not be as important at Slippery Rock as it is at some high schools, but nobody likes to lose. Pekar sat down heavily on the bench, his face filthy with dirt and sweat, his eyes heavy with fatigue and defeat. A student trainer armed with sponge and towel silently mopped off his face and head.

"How do you feel, Joe?" someone asked.

Pekar lifted his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay," he said.

The student trainer looked down at him.

"Don't lie, Joe," he said gently.



INFORMAL DANCE NIGHT BEFORE GAME FOLLOWED PEP RALLY. DANCE WAS OVER BY 11

DEJECTED SLIPPERY ROCK ROOTERS WATCHED GLEAMLY AS SUPERIOR CLARION TEAM GROUND ITS WAY TO A CRUSHING 38-0 VICTORY



GAME OF THE WEEK

GEORGIA 14, FLORIDA 13



GEORGIA'S WILKINS AND SAYE (20) BREAK THROUGH AND DEFELECT KEY CONVERSION

by HERMAN HICKMAN

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

BEFORE this football season began, experts ranked Georgia no better than tenth. That isn't tenth in the country, either. It's tenth in the Southeastern Conference. Florida, the experts figured, was far stronger.

Saturday, by the margin of a single point, Georgia gave Florida a beating. But when the Bulldogs had finished defeating the Gators, 14-13, the experts had taken the hardest fall.

Not that the setback didn't hurt Florida. The Gators' hopes of gaining a conference title and bowl bid turned dark. A Georgia center named Bill Saye (Hey) turned out the lights.

Saye was the difference with two critical pass interceptions. He was the difference when he recovered a key Gator fumble. And he barreled in with Roy Wilkins to rush the kicker on the extra point try that could have turned Georgia victory into a frustrating tie. It wasn't a bad day for a fellow who was a fourth string guard last year and is playing center this season for the first time since high school.

Fumbling Florida lost the ball three times. One fumble started a Bulldog drive that ended when Jimmy Harper plucked over from the one. Charlie Madison's conversion was good.

Florida matched the score early in the second quarter but late in the period Georgia untied it when Bob Clemens capped a 68-yard drive with a searing buck. Madison's second conversion was as good as his first.

Don Chandler intercepted a Harper pass in the third quarter and ran 67 yards to the seven. Three plays later Bob Davis tallied and the game's biggest moment was at hand. Left end Wilkins, with Saye beside through and blocked Allen's try for the tie. Georgia had its one-point lead and it stood up. Saye made sure. With less than two minutes to go he intercepted a Florida pass and then his mates simply killed the clock.

For the Gators it was a bitter loss since victory would have given them undisputed conference leadership. For Georgia it was different. With the game was over, Coach Wally Butts, the forgotten man of football, was forgotten no longer. Butts was hailed high on stalwart shoulders and carried triumphantly from the field.

Next Week—S.M.U. vs. ARKANSAS
at Fayetteville, Ark.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Nov. 13

• **Arkansas vs. Southern Methodist.** Only a tie is needed by the rampant Razorbacks to assure them the undisputed Southwest Conference championship ... **ARKANSAS.**

• **Minnesota vs. Iowa.** The Golden Gophers have been the giants of the North once again this year. The Hawkeyes have lost two close ones but fear neither man nor beast. **IOWA.**

• **Purdue vs. Ohio State.** Coach Stu Holcomb at Purdue is known as a spoiler but this Buck-eye edition doesn't follow the script. **OHIO STATE.**

• **Southern California vs. Washington.** The Trojans are unbeaten in the P.C.C. and will cinch a Rose Bowl bid this Saturday. **SOUTHERN CAL.**

• **Yale vs. Princeton.** Plagued by injuries, Princeton has suffered its worst season in years. The Tigers will make a game out of it but ... **YALE.**

• **Georgia vs. Auburn.** The Plainsmen have been hot and cold: The puppy Bulldogs, supposed to be too young to bite, now boast of a 6-1-1 record. As upset ... **AUBURN.**

• **Utah vs. Colorado.** Colorado, off to a breath-taking start, faltered, but there's still breath left. **COLORADO.**

• **Nebraska vs. Pittsburgh.** Tom Hamilton rejoined the losing coaching fraternity last week. But Glasford's Nebraska Cornhuskers are heading for the Orange Bowl ... **NEBRASKA.**

• **Maryland vs. Clemson.** The Terrapins have lost two games to U.C.L.A. and Miami (Fla.) by the margin of five and two points, respectively. Clemson in and out ... **MARYLAND.**

• **Georgia Tech vs. Alabama.** Picked one-two to be the best in the South, both teams are experiencing their worst season in several years. I've been wrong before ... **GEORGIA TECH.**

ALSO:

- Wisconsin over Illinois
- Kansas State over Iowa State
- Michigan over Michigan State
- Navy over Columbia
- Notre Dame over North Carolina
- Army over Penn
- South Carolina over Virginia
- Rice over Texas A. & M.
- Texas Christian over Texas
- Brown over Harvard
- California over Oregon State
- Duke over Wake Forest
- Cornell over Dartmouth
- Penn State over Rutgers
- Cincinnati over Wichita

Last week's hunches:

17 right, 7 wrong, 1 tie

Record to date: 126-65-6



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SPORT IN ART

ROCKY AND THE PRESS

This is how Painter Fletcher Martin saw the postfight turmoil in Marcianno's quarters after his second fight with Ezzard Charles at the Yankee Stadium



In the early twenties a youngster named Fletcher Martin won a divisional championship in the Navy light heavyweight class. He could have won that, but he has since become one of America's best-known sportsmen: a prizefighter, with emphasis on the sporting word of boxing. This scene of organized chaos in Marciano's dressing room after

the second fight with Ezzard Charles is Martin's most recent canvas. During the five harried minutes when the press took over he got his reputation for this posture. Marciano sits, with Joe Weill, his manager, at the right; and Crapley Goodwin, the trainer, at his left. Sportswriters press around him from all sides, while news photogra-

phers balance themselves precariously to shoot over the heads of the crowd. From the quick sketches done on the spot as he watched, Fletcher Martin transferred the animated tableaux to canvas. He has caught the scrambling action of a scene which caused him to remark: "The press guys are the athletes at these sessions."



THE LADY RULER OF EL HIPODROMO

She's tough and tenacious and she still has almost as many enemies in Mexico as she has friends. Meet Mrs. Deborah Rood Everitt, who turned a wartime Mexico City speculation into a paying paradise of a racing park

by **DICKSON** and **PATRICIA HARTWELL**

SKINKY, CHARMING, flashily-tough, the lady with the horses on these pages is the wearer of a crown which, for all its informality, nonetheless represents one of the most hard-won distinctions in the rough and tricky racing world. This year marks the third in the reign of Mrs. Deborah Rood Everitt as the queen of Mexican horse racing. A ruler who wears her crown extremely casually, puts on her lipstick without a mirror and who, by gigantic effort, wangled, angled and bought her way to the top of the racing heap in a country where businesswomen are suspect and peso-earning Americans a national dishonor, she is a paradox and paragon in one.

The name of Deborah is generally associated with placidity. So is the nickname "Debbie," by which Mrs. Everitt is known to friends and enemies alike, both of which she has in substantial number. But she is not a placid woman. She is the resolute dictator of one of the world's finest racing plants, as picturesque as Santa Anita, as fast as a Utah salt flat, as cheap as a penny arcade. Anybody who can afford to send a youngster away to school in the U.S. can afford to send a thoroughbred to Debbie's Hipódromo de las Américas, and feed it, train it and race it for a year. And if within the year his horse wins three cheap races, he'll be money ahead.

This pleasing prospect stems from two circumstances, both favorable to Americans. For one, Mexican feed and help are cheap (over-all upkeep on a horse at Del Mar: \$450 monthly; at Debbie's: \$65). Secondly, Debbie claims to put a higher percentage of the handle into purses than any track in North America (Jamaica 3.2%; Belmont 2.8%; Debbie 6.35%).

The proprietor of this felicitous establishment did not create it, though she has brought some order out of its once-bizarre management. When the track opened March 6, 1943, it was the brain child of a costume Tiajuana waiter, promoter Bruno Pagliai, and a Wall Street speculator named Bernard E. Smith, who thought that the virtual shutdown of racing in war-rattled U.S. would mean a bonanza in Mexico. The opening day drew 45,000 spectators, including President Manuel Avila Camacho and Miss Deborah Rood, who had arrived from the U.S. five days earlier for a brief vacation. Her vast and enduring equine affections having been smothered for months in the States, Miss Rood sniffed deeply the scent of running horses in the

crisp, clear Mexican air and promptly telephoned home to Wilmington. "Ship my horses and my Buick," she said. "This is heaven."

Though she had only won a single flat race in the States—on the closing day of the previous season at Pimlico—within a month she was in the winners' circle at El Hipódromo. For the next seven years she was in there from 27 to 32 times per season, a remarkably consistent record in the ups and downs of the racing trade.

But her affection for Mexico did not extend to the way the Hipódromo was then managed. As a class, horse owners are probably the most dissatisfied people on earth. As a woman who is utterly coherent in stating her displeasure, Debbie became unofficial spokesman for the complaining

(continued on next page)



DEBBIE'S PRIDE is divided between her plant (the luxurious clubhouse is shown on opposite page) and her horses. At right she holds 2-year-old El Alarcón.



DEBBIE AND FRIENDS. Gerardo Carrasco (left) and Pope Fernandez Moya, show off "chabito" rockaby containers.

LADY RULER *continued*

owners. Under her leadership, the breach with management widened. When things finally reached the point of stalemate, Debbie determined to buy the track.

Control then belonged to Swedish financier Axel Wenner-Gren, who had made substantial investments in Mexican enterprises, so Debbie hopped a plane to Stockholm. She was met by a limousine and whisked off to the Harlingen Castle where she astonished the wily Wenner-Gren with her knowledge of the Hipódromo's secret finances. Debbie, as she puts it, had come by them "in my own way." Three days later she was flying back to Mexico with a purchase option.

IT WAS A DEAL

A few weeks later, after a complete audit of the Hipódromo's books, she was back in Stockholm laying it on the Eric. She would pay \$662,000 for 61% of the stock—38,099 shares. It was a deal.

A denouement to this deal reveals something of the guts contained in this 112-pound package that is Debbie Everitt. She knew that the track owed 250,000 pesos to banks, and she also knew that the directors might declare a dividend out of nonexistent past profits before she formally assumed control—a dividend she would then have to pay. She got a verbal pledge that this would not happen. But somehow, it happened and she was handed a further debt of 1,350,000 pesos. The total of 2,100,000 pesos translated into \$252,000, not an overwhelming sum by U.S. track standards. But Mexico was then in a recession and Debbie had to earn it out of track income. To her it looked

like \$2 million. It took her nearly a year, but she took her beating and paid.

As of July 21 this year, she declared her own first dividend—five pesos a share. She was able to do this by skillful promotion which increased the betting 12% in her first year of operation. This past season set a new record of 1,435,500 pesos bet on a single day. This is important as 28% of the Hipódromo's income derives from its legal percentage of the betting.

When she became proprietor, Mrs. Everitt had what she calls the most unlucky day of her life. She had three winners in one afternoon and her detractors screamed bloody murder. Realizing the ingenuity of her position and that she would have to give up her stable, she broke down and cried. Then, businesslike, she sold and gave away 19 of her 22 horses. One she kept in Teddy Harte, bred by Calanet Farms. She had owned him for 10 years. Last season as a frisky 12-year-old, Teddy won two for Debbie. In his best season he won 11 and placed 11.

Unlike many of her colleagues, Debbie had no homes to influence her early childhood. When she was born in Joplin, Missouri, April 25, 1909, she inherited through her mother a distant, kismet-kin relationship to the duPont family of Delaware, and through her father, a vice-president of Hercules Powder Company, an economic relationship to the heart of the corporate family.

She was 14 when a schoolmate started riding lessons and asked Debbie to join her. Debbie went along but neglected to inform her family, an oversight that was automatically rectified a month later when her father got the bill. "We weren't on speaking terms for two weeks," Debbie recalls, "but then I took him riding and soon Dad was off to Virginia to buy a stable of hussies."

A CHANCE TO GROW

Dad did even better. He moved the whole family from their home in Wilmington, Delaware, to a near-by estate, Meadows-on-the-Brandywine, at Chadds Ford, Pa., in the heart of the hunting country. Here there were stables and jumps and a chance for a young horsewoman to work and grow.

With Dad and duPont paying the bills, Debbie worked and grew with fervor. Except for such bothersome distractions as boarding school, which she soon managed to avoid altogether, Debbie schooled horses and showed them, maintaining a string of 20 to 30 at a time. She built up such energy and stamina that some years later in one

afternoon at the Devon Horse Show she rode 17 of the 36 horses entered in the green hunter class.

This tour de force, however, is hardly to be compared to one which occurred last spring when her good friend and neighbor, Gen. Humberto Marlon, invited her to take part in one of his friendly little competitions, during which some of the best candidates for his world's champion Mexican jumping team participate. Debbie hadn't jumped a horse more than three or four times a year in 10 years, but she agreed to ride. As she approached the last jump, a photographer ran out in front of her to get a picture. She veered aside and was immediately confronted with a hazard which had been ruled too difficult for the competition. It is a run up a steep incline to a high platform, a hurdle and a water jump. Debbie nudged her horse, lifted herself and took the hazard without a fault. Reluctantly the judges disqualified her. She hadn't finished the prescribed course.

During the season, Debbie's day usually begins at 7 a.m. By that hour, she's in blue jeans out in the barn, which contains comfortably stable 800 horses, talking with owners, her trainer Jim Huran and jockeys, mentally noting leaking water faucets and hinges that need repair, and occasionally dipping into her purse for a 10-peso "advance" to a stableboy. She might stop in at the stables but she built for the groomers or have a glance at the sweat house she put up for the jocks. Often she has coffee with her 65-year-old Negro stableboy, former jockey Leon Gaines, who on the day he was to retire from riding at 63 rode her 12-year-old Teddy Harte to victory, thereby setting some kind of record. After a chat with clocker Ed Warrick she slips into her beige and brown 1934 Chrysler station wagon and drives to her offices adjoining the Jockey Club, which is already one of Mexico's most exclusive social institutions.

Behind the green drapes that separate her desk from a bar and kitchenette, she skins out of her jeans into a business suit and comes out ready to chain-smoke Raleighs and Luckies alternately through a morning of business. Half a dozen times an hour, when the answers aren't sticking to her finger tips, she calls out, "Hey, Doc," and from the next office, far larger than her own, comes tall, striking 45-year-old General Manager Dr. Arturo Milne, a Mexican-born, U.S.-educated dentist who ferreted his prosaic though profitable profession for racing.

It is Doc Milne who supplies managerial genius and, perhaps more im-

portant, the oil for troubled waters. Because she usually wants things her way—right now—Debbie had little difficulty, when she first took over, in alienating the easygoing Mexicans. Swank Jockey Club members found her blue jeans an insult. The Racing Commission declared she was trying to usurp their prerogatives. The Horsemen's Association said she refused to entertain their proposals. The union leaders discovered her going over their heads, taking her problems directly to her 662 employees. In each case, Doe stepped in quietly and explained the facts of life to Debbie and the facts of Debbie to her antagonists.

MURRAY FOR EVERYBODY

With the new-enterprise jitters now over, Debbie is entering her third season stonied down and barely remembering her brash past. She has a high regard for the labor leaders, a healthy respect for the Racing Commission. As for the horse owners, she says blandly, "Why, I love to have their suggestions. I need them. I've been an owner, too, you know."

Nevertheless, Debbie has problems.

The Mexican Government has a protect-the-poor-people type of anti-gambling tradition. Though her franchise runs until 1968, Debbie knows it exists only at the pleasure of President Ruiz Cortines, a puritanical type aptly described by one of his senators as "a man who is against everything a little bit." If it becomes politically expedient the track might be closed down overnight.

GOVERNMENT'S GAIN

On the other side is the stimulation it gives to Mexican horse breeding. In 1943 there were no Mexican-bred thoroughbreds. Now there are 100 colts a year and Mexican-bred horses are beginning to win races in the U.S. This impresses the government, but even more so does the track's potential as a U.S. tourist attraction. Good honest horse racing is an extra and valuable asset which no government would be foolish enough to shut down except for a major scandal.

Debbie has taken out the best scandal insurance she can buy. She installed a \$30,000 movie patrol and every race is recorded on film from start to finish.

She put up a \$15,000 test barn where every winner is subjected to telltale urine tests for tampering. She sees to it that the stewards, some of whom used to wander in for lunch and leave after racing started, are on duty and monitoring every race.

It would be wrong to say that Debbie Everitt has overcome all the suspicions with which she was viewed when she first took over El Hípódromo; she isn't the target of many detractors. But whatever her enemies may say of her, not one of them denies she is a horsewoman. When the first of her two daughters (ages seven-and-a-half and six) was about to be born, she was in blue jeans around the barns as usual. As she passed, her stableboy hinted to a visiting Texan that Debbie was going to have a baby and was promptly bet 500 pesos it was nonsense. The next morning Deborah II arrived, and three days later Deborah I was back in the paddock.

When somebody observed that this was indeed remarkable, a nonplussed detractor snorted, "Huh. That Debbie. She just ain't human. She didn't have a child. She foaled."



BULER OF ALL SHE SURVEYS, DEBBIE EVERITT POSES IN HER Paddock WHILE HER TOP TWO-YEAR-OLD, EL ALACRAN, WALKS PAST

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Alan Ameche**, Wisconsin fullback, gained 59 yards against Northwestern to run four-season total to 3,186 yards gained rushing, set new national collegiate record at Madison, Wis. Ameche broke record of 3,186 yards set by Ollie Matson at University of San Francisco. ● **Haslett Benner**, master sergeant and West Point pistol coach, set American record for international rapid-fire pistol event, scoring 584 points during

try-outs for U.S. shooting team, at Fort Benning, Ga. Benner broke own American record at 583. ● **Scott Vauter**, five-year-old tractor owner by S. A. Camp Farms, set world record at 2:22 4/5 for mile and three-sixteenths, winning \$32,000 Golden West Trail, at Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif. Driven by Joe O'Brien, Scotch Vauter shattered mark of 2:25 3/5 set last year by Pronto Don at Hollywood Park.

FOOTBALL

U.C.L.A., ranked first nationally, displayed to defensive might while routing Oregon 41-8. Oregon Quarterback George Shaw, nation's leader in total offense (average: 178 yards a game), was held to 29 yards rushing and passing. Highlight of game was 81-yard touchdown run by **Jim Decker** of U.C.L.A.

San Jose State, almost certain Pacific Coast Rose Bowl representative, defeated fumbling Stanford team 31-7. Favored by 14 points, U.S.C. was outplayed by Stanford in first half, scored two touchdowns after recovering fumble by Indians deep in Stanford territory.

Ohio State, ranked second nationally, turned in impressive 28-8 win over Pittsburgh. Buckeyes did not allow Pittsburgh to get beyond Ohio State 40-yard line. Halfback **Bobby Watkins** scored twice for Ohio State, raised his season total to 51 points.

Oklahoma scored 16th consecutive victory, seventh this season, beating Iowa State 40-6. **Buddy Leake** and **Bob Irsch** scored twice for Oklahoma.

Arkansas remained undefeated after second-half drive to overtake Rice 38-16. Razorback Sophomore **George Walker** scored three touchdowns, completed 14 passes good for 118 yards, picked up 144 yards on ground, including 73-yard punt return for touchdown. **Dickie Meagle** starred for Owls, running for 117 yards in 21 tries, netting five punts 117 yards.

Notre Dame went down stubborn Pennsylvania team after scoreless first period, scored two touchdowns in each of last three quarters for 42-7 victory. Penn surprised heavily favored Irish, driving down to seven- and three-yard lines before being stopped. Notre Dame snapped back after Quarterback **Ralph Gagliardi's** direction, drove repeatedly down field in sustained marches for touchdowns.

Iowa spoiled Purdue's last hopes of Big Ten honors, scoring four times in first half, routing to 25-14 win.

Army revealed commendable offensive power, crushing hitherto unbeaten Yale 48-7. Cadets scored on first play launched from scrimmage, 61-yard run by **Towsey Bell**, who made three touchdowns. Speedy **Bob Kysack**, playing his third since opening game when he broke collarbone, scored twice. Yale ground defense, previously most effective in country, yielded 328 yards to Army.

Navy, three-point underdog, registered stunning 60-7 win over Duke. Midshipmen piled up 545 yards on ground, did not allow Blue Devils to score until final period, when second-stringers were in charge.

Harvard completed one leg toward Big

Three Six, beating injury-riddled Princeton for first time in eight years, 14-6.

New York Giants uncovered powerful running attack with **Frank Gifford** and **Eddie Price** while tight pass defense interrupted five games, whipped favored Pittsburgh Steelers 30-6. Giants realized in the first place in eastern division of National Football League with Philadelphia Eagles who, paced by three touchdowns thrown from Quarterback **Bobby Thomson**, defeated Cardinals 30-14. Cleveland Browns carved into third place with 65-0 victory over hapless Washington Redskins.

Detroit Lions held first place in western division with 23-0 win over Baltimore Colts. **Sam Francisco** was second despite 42-34 loss to Los Angeles Rams.

HORSE SHOWS

Hans Guenther Winkler, 38, of West German equestrian team, rode brown mare **Halle** to four victories in National Horse Show, at New York. Winkler's triumphs included International Good Will Challenge Trophy, Royal A. Deake Memorial Challenge Trophy, President of Mexico Trophy and International Special Challenge Trophy. Only U.S. rider was West Fair Challenge Trophy taken by **Arthur McCashin**, greenhand farmer of Philadelphia, N.J. and captain of U.S. team.

BASKETBALL

Peoria (Ill.) Caterpillars, representing U.S., captured second world basketball tournament, defeating Brazil 62-41 in final of nine-game round robin between eight teams, at Rio de Janeiro. Caterpillars won all nine of their games.

Fort Wayne Pistons won first three games of 1944-45 season to take early lead in Western division of National Basketball Association. Champion Minneapolis Lakers

ers, with former star **George Mikan** currently confined to coast office, struggled to stay above .500 level. In eastern division Philadelphia Warriors and New York Knickerbockers vied for lead.

TRACK AND FIELD

Cornell, led by **John J. Rosenbaum** who stalked first, won 16th annual Heptagonal cross-country track meet at New York. Runner-up in five-mile event: **Army**.

Browning Rams, 36, Woodbury, N.J. schoolteacher, won 34-kilometer senior national marathon championship, at Atlantic City, N.J. Time: 1:37:13.

GOLF

Tex Baxter Jr., former U.S. junior champion from Amarillo, was Mexican amateur tournament, defeating Chito Gera of Oklahoma City nine and eight, at Mexico City.

Australia won Ladies International Golf Cup from U.S. 4-4, with two matches halved, at Sydney. Top stars for U.S. were **Marty Fargal** of Levitt, Ill. and **Tennie Ball** of Houston. Aussie side were **Onnie Pickworth** and **Norman Van Nida**.

BOXING

Carl (Rube) Olson, world middleweight champion from Honolulu, scored eight-round TKO over **Gene Fauter** of Salt Lake City, at Richmond, Calif. Olson, weighing heavy 166 pounds, was fast, aggressive in fight which was tune-up for title defense against **Jerry Gladillo** Dec. 15 at San Francisco. With Olson winner of every round, referee **Joe Louis** stopped fight because of eye suffered by Fauter.

Bob Baker, seventh-ranked heavyweight from Pittsburgh, was unanimous decision over **Jimmy Slade** of New York in 10-round, at Philadelphia.

Frankie Ryan, 22-year-old unbeaten Bronx lightweight, won 15th professional fight with easy 10-round decision over **Henry Davis** of Hawaii, at Brooklyn.

Tony DeMarco, seventh-ranked Boston welterweight, scored **Pai Mami** of Syracuse three times in opening round to win on TKO, at Boston.

HORSE RACING

Fisherman, C. V. Whitney's three-year-old colt, won \$45,000 Washington, D.C. International race, at Laurel, Md. Running on soft grass track, Fisherman best top European horses including Queen Elizabeth's Landers, which finished last. Eddie Aversore rode winner, which earned \$28,000 and was last-minute substitute for injured High Gun.

Jet Action, owned by Malone, Chance continued on next page

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Profile of the Associated Press writer's poll)
Team ranked top 10 in series, with points played on a 100-point scale (1-100). Team third-place votes in parentheses.

	Points
1.-U.C.L.A. (107)	1,000
2.-Ohio State (100)	1,000
3.-Oklahoma (100)	1,000
4.-Arkansas (91)	1,000
5.-Army (81)	1,412
6.-Michigan (81)	825
7.-Southern California	825
8.-Iowa	845
9.-Navy	496

Mississippi, 15; Miami (Fla.), 143; 12, Cincinnati 125; 10, Minnesota 145; 9, Wisconsin 145; 8, V.P.I. 95.

Farms and ridden by Willie Harrison, out-galloped favored Hellebore to win \$28,200 Ransom Handicap, at Jamaica, N.Y.

Thinking Cap, 11-1 shot owned by Christina Stabile, beat 16 other two-year-olds to capture \$85,240 Shofee Futurity, at Baltimore.

Rising Star. New Zealand gelding, won 15,500-pound (\$34,720) Melbourne Cup, Australia's richest horse race, at Melbourne.

Whippy. Owned by Robert Sterling Clark of Upperville, Va., won Midland Cambridgeshire, at Birmingham, Eng. Whippy earned \$1,823, boosting Clark's winnings for year to \$111,252.40, second only to Queen Elizabeth, whose horses have won \$115,400.

Mamka. nine-year-old brood mare owned by Aga Khan, was sold for \$95,900, record price paid for brood mare at American auction, at Kenilworth, Ky.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens held first place by narrow margin over Detroit Red Wings. High-scoring Canadians racked up 44 goals in first 13 games; closest rival for scoring honors, Red Wings, had only 34 goals for same number of games.

AUTO RACING

Bill Spear. of Southport, Conn., driving Ferrari 375, won 124-mile race for cars over 1,500 cc., at March Air Force Base, Riverside, Calif.

Lee Petty. 1954 NASCAR Grand National Champion from Randleman, N.C., won 300-mile late-model stock-car race, driving 1954 Chrysler, at High Point, N.C.

DOG SHOWS

Fast Delivery Belle. pointer bitch owned by Miss Martha Carver of Durham, N.C., won national quail futurity, at Carbondale, Ill. **Paul Walker** of Farmington, N.C. handled Fast Delivery Belle, which outscored 86 other dogs.

CHESS

A. Sobolev won Moscow chess championship with score of 9½-4½; at Moscow, tied behind champion were Konstantinopolski, Nikitin, Radvinsky and Vainikov.

MILEPOSTS

MARKED—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth (Lily) Pearson, horsewoman, owner of Langflem Farm, retired stable; at Richard Loss at Washington, D.C.

REMOVED—Fritz Pellard, 66, Brown University football star (1915-1916) and first Negro named in Walter Camp's All-American Team (1938), now an artist's representative in New York; with membership in Football Hall of Fame, at Brown Stadium, Providence.

REFUSED—Jimmy Stout, 49, Lakewood, N.J. jockey, after 24-year career during which he booked some nearly 150 stakes winners including Johnstown in 1939 Kentucky Derby.

DIED—Lieut. Gen. Edward Fritz Norwin, 78, leader of 1964 Everest Expedition in which climbers A. C. Irvine and George Leigh-Mallory disappeared near summit; at Winchester, England.

HOW 200 U.S. COLLEGE TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

BAIT

Brigham 21	1st Valley 34	Nash 10	1st-Mid 21	Louisville 10	Norfolk 6	Richmond 11	1st-Tony 6
Brigham 21	1st Valley 34	Nash 10	1st-Mid 21	Louisville 10	Norfolk 6	Richmond 11	1st-Tony 6
Brigham 21	1st Valley 34	Nash 10	1st-Mid 21	Louisville 10	Norfolk 6	Richmond 11	1st-Tony 6
Brigham 21	1st Valley 34	Nash 10	1st-Mid 21	Louisville 10	Norfolk 6	Richmond 11	1st-Tony 6
Brigham 21	1st Valley 34	Nash 10	1st-Mid 21	Louisville 10	Norfolk 6	Richmond 11	1st-Tony 6

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama 10	Texas 6	Arkansas 20	Florida 15
Alabama 10	Texas 6	Arkansas 20	Florida 15
Alabama 10	Texas 6	Arkansas 20	Florida 15
Alabama 10	Texas 6	Arkansas 20	Florida 15
Alabama 10	Texas 6	Arkansas 20	Florida 15

WEST

California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10

California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
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California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10

WEST

California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
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California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10

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California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10
California 20	Washington 15	Oregon 10	Idaho 10

(Professionals)

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN DIVISION

1. New York	2. Cleveland	3. Washington	4. Chicago
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0

WESTERN DIVISION

1. Detroit	2. Chicago	3. Green Bay	4. St. Louis
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL

1. Boston	2. New York	3. Philadelphia	4. St. Louis
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0
10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0	10-4, 1-3, 7-0

FOOTBALL

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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

November 12 through 18

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Baseball

Minneapolis Lakers vs. Baltimore Bullets, Baltimore, N.E., 8:30 p.m.

Racing

● Ralph (Tiger) Jones vs. Hector Constantino, midweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (30 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Shows

Royal Winter Fair, Toronto.

Track & Field

Middle Atlantic Collegiate Track & Field Assn. cross-country championship, Alfredown, Pa.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Baseball

Boston Celtics vs. Baltimore Bullets, Boston, 8:30 p.m.

● Milwaukee Hawks vs. Syracuse Nationals, Milwaukee (ABC)—following football game.
Philadelphia Warriors vs. N.Y. Knicks, Philadelphia, 9:30 p.m.
Rochester Royals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, Rochester, N.Y., 8:30 p.m.

Dogs

Natl. Westminster field trials, Maryland, Md.

Football

(Leading college games)

(AST)
Amherst vs. Williams, Amherst, Mass.
Boston College vs. Boston U., Boston.
Carnegie Tech vs. Lehigh, Pittsburgh.
Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca, N.Y.
Fordham vs. Holy Cross, New York.
Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, Mass.
Ivy vs. Columbia, Ann Arbor, Md.
Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia.
Purdue vs. Rutgers, State College, Pa.
Syracuse vs. Colgate, Syracuse, N.Y.
Tulane vs. Trinity, Middleburg, Conn.
Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, Conn.

(SOUTH & SOUTHWEST)

● Arkansas vs. S.M.U., Fayetteville, Ark., 7:45 p.m. (ABC).

Georgia vs. Auburn, Columbus, Ga.

● Georgia Tech vs. Alabama, Atlanta, 7:15 p.m. (ABC, West 10 with) Georgia Tech's Wade Mitchell (10) and Alabama's Bart Starr (10) recorded in Washington, Wash., D.C.

Kentucky vs. Memphis State, Lexington, Ky.

L.S.U. vs. Miss. State, Baton Rouge, La. (TV).

Maryland vs. Clemson, College Park, Md.

Miss. Southern vs. Villanova, Mobile, Ala. (TV).

N.C. Carolina State vs. Richmond, Raleigh, N.C.

S. Carolina vs. Virginia, Columbia, S.C.

Tennessee vs. Florida, Knoxville, Tenn.

Texas A. & M. vs. Rice, College Station, Tex.

T.C.U. vs. Texas, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Texas Tech vs. Tulsa, Lubbock, Tex.

Texas Western vs. Arizona, El Paso, Tex. (TV).

Vanderbilt vs. Tulane, Nashville, Tenn.

Wake Forest vs. Duke, Wake Forest, N.C.

Wm. & Mary vs. W. Virginia, Williamsburg, Va. (TV).

Connecticut vs. Wichita, Cincinnati.

● Illinois vs. Wisconsin, Champaign, Ill., 7:05 p.m. (ABC).

Kansas State vs. Iowa State, Manhattan, Kan.

Michigan (D.V.) vs. Dayton, Oxford, O.

Michigan vs. Michigan State, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Minnesota vs. Iowa, Minneapolis.

Nebraska vs. Pittsburgh, Lincoln, Neb.

Northwestern vs. Indiana, Evanston, Ill.

● Notre Dame vs. N. Carolina, South Bend, Ind., 1:45 p.m. (Mutel).

Oklahoma vs. Missouri, Norman, Okla.

Oklahoma A. & M. vs. Kansas, Stillwater, Okla.

Purdue vs. Ohio State, Lafayette, Ind.

Xavier vs. Chattanooga, Cincinnati.

FAR WEST

Brigham Young vs. Wyoming, Provo, Utah.

California vs. Oregon State, Berkeley, Calif.

Col. of Pac. vs. Marquette, Stockton, Calif. (TV).

Dryden vs. Washington State, Eugene, Ore.

S. California vs. Washington, Los Angeles.

Stanford vs. San Jose State, Palo Alto, Calif.

Utah vs. Colorado, Salt Lake City, Utah.

(Professional)

● Green Bay Packers vs. Baltimore Colts, Milwaukee, 8 p.m. (Du Mont).

● Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Toronto Argonauts, Hamilton, 1:45 p.m. (CBC).

Ottawa Rough Riders vs. Montreal Alouettes, Ottawa.

Horse Racing

Golden West Pace, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., Redwood, Calif., Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League

N.Y. Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, New York.

Montreal Canadiens vs. Boston Bruins, Montreal.

Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Detroit Red Wings, Toronto.

American Hockey League

Cleveland Barons vs. Buffalo Bisons, Cleveland.

Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Hershey Bears, Pittsburgh.

Springfield Indians vs. Providence Reds, Springfield, Mass.

Horse Racing

Gallant Fox Handicap, \$75,000, 1 5/8 m., 3-yr-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Magnum Stakes, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Pomona.

James H. Graham Memorial Stakes, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-olds, Havergrange Pk., Newburgh, N.Y.

Dark Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Swimming

Middle Atlantic Fall interscholastic regatta, Annapolis, Md.

Women's dinghy championship, Delaware, O.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Auto Racing

AAA 100-m. championship, Las Vegas, Nev.

Baseball

Baltimore Bullets vs. N.Y. Knicks, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m.

● Ft. Wayne Pistons vs. Milwaukee Hawks, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8:30 p.m. (S.T.).

Minneapolis Lakers vs. Syracuse Nationals, Minneapolis, 8:30 p.m. (S.T.).

Football

● Chicago Bears vs. Cleveland Browns, Chicago, 7 p.m. (ABC—local blackout; Du Mont).

● Detroit Lions vs. San Francisco 49ers, Detroit, 7:05 p.m. (Du Mont).

Los Angeles Rams vs. Chicago Cardinals, Los Angeles, 2 p.m. (P.S.T.).

● N.Y. Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, New York, 7:30 p.m. (Du Mont).

Washington Redskins vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Washington, D.C., 2 p.m. (Du Mont).

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League

Boston Bruins vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Boston.

Chicago Black Hawks vs. N.Y. Rangers, Chicago.

Detroit Red Wings vs. Montreal Canadiens, Detroit.

American Hockey League

Buffalo Bisons vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Buffalo.

Providence Reds vs. Hershey Bears, Providence, R.I.

*See 10, 11 TV listing

Horse Shows

Fredericksburg Horse Show, Fredericksburg, Va.

Track & Field

Pacific RAC cross-country championship, San Francisco.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Racing

● Halo Scartellini vs. Lother Rowlands, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

● Felix Mueller vs. Tony Anthony, middleweights, Eastern Pines, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Tommy (Karricane) Jackson vs. Rene Simons, bantamweights, Providence, R.I. (10 rds.).

Horse Racing

Spirit Free Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Swimming

Wetters Hemisphere Snipe championship, Hawaii.

Shooting

Int'l. Shooting Union world rifle & pistol championships, Caracas, Venezuela.

Track & Field

ICAA variety & freshman cross-country championships, Van Cortlandt Pk., N.Y.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Baseball

Boston Celtics vs. Rochester Royals, Boston, 8:30 p.m.

● Philadelphia Warriors vs. Syracuse Nationals, 7:30 p.m.; N.Y. Knicks vs. Baltimore Bullets, 9:30 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Racing

Box Layne vs. Bill Bestman, heavyweights, Coliseum, Salt Lake City (10 rds.).

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Racing

● Paddy Delaney vs. Linley Carter, for lightweight title, Cow Palace, San Francisco (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League

N.Y. Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, New York.

Toronto Maple Leafs vs. Montreal Canadiens, Toronto.

American Hockey League

Hershey Bears vs. Pittsburgh Hornets, Hershey, Pa.

Horse Racing

Gallant Fox Stakes, \$15,000, 3/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Pomona, Md.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Baseball

N.Y. Knicks vs. Philadelphia Warriors, 7:30 p.m.; Syracuse Nationals vs. Ft. Wayne Pistons, 9:15 p.m., Wm. W. Moten, Syracuse, N.Y.

Racing

Joe Misch vs. Sammy Matheson, welterweights, Omaha, Neb. (10 rds.).

Dogs

Natl. Retriever championship, Welles Springs, N.Y.

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League

Chicago Black Hawks vs. Boston Bruins, Chicago.

Montreal Canadiens vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Montreal.

It's GREAT in GREEN THE NEW



No. 617 or

IN DURABLE GREEN ENAMEL FINISH

It's the latest, most improved tackle box on the market—now available in a handsome green enamel finish that's really tough. There's plenty of room for all your tackle in three, big, easy-to-operate trays. This new My Buddy 617-OR replaces the large, bulky, "Hip-Boat Box." Seamless, one-piece steel design is 100% waterproof throughout.

Irish or not—you'll go for the green My Buddy. You'll like the ample room, the ease of operation, and the ruggedness of this great new My Buddy Tackle Box. This box is also available as the famous Red 'N Rugged My Buddy. Get yours soon at your favorite sporting goods store.

KEEP MINNOWS ALIVE INDEFINITELY

in the **FALLS CITY** original



AIR BREATHER
MINNOW BUCKET

Minnows stay alive in fresh, cooled water, at all counting points short.

The World's Largest Manufacturer of Tackle Boxes and Minnow Buckets

FALLS CITY DIVISION
STRATTON & TERSTEGGE CO., INC.
P. O. BOX 1859 LOUISVILLE, KY.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SD—season opened (or opened); DC—season closed (or closed); BV—season varies by district or water.
C=clear water; D=water dirty or oily; M=water muddy.
N=water at normal height; SH=slightly high; H=high; VH=very high; L=low; R=rising; F=falling.
WTD=water temperature 50°.
FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair; FP=fishing poor; OG=outlook good; OP=outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other reliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Coho's still running off South and Klamath rivers. Tens of thousands have been landed since the big spawning moved into the bay and Sacramento River, and prospects are excellent.

CHUM SALMON: PP generally but some magnificent winter catches are showing at Shasta Bay, off the Quail and Campbell Rivers, and taking better and better strip; also catches of fat and easy grills silver averaging two pounds have been made off French Creek, and at Shasta River, Lake, and at both these spots.

CHANNEL BAS: NORTH CAROLINA: Surf-catchers working on N. 12-15 pound bass from Kitty Hawk to Onslow River along outer banks; 21-pounder taken last week; most stock of old LCT about village of Hatteras, and OG for some time through November.

STRIP: Good schools of three- to four-pound redfish with weakness for cut market reported in Ocracoke, St. Marks, Wicahatchee, Warracoona, and Southport rivers; OH with best results nearest Gulf and in deep holes.

BLACK BASS: PENNSYLVANIA: PP in most central state streams as high water drowned hopes for capture; Allegheny River NM, P, C, PP, OP.

ARIZONA: Bigmouth taking earlier plugs at Phoenix and Mesquite lakes on lower Colorado; cool nights have started the grasshopper growing.

TEXAS: Colorado Lake producing good brown double low water and Cherokee Lake is turning in some fat fish of 10 pounds and greater; good from the ponds, but need cut Tennessee lake is good; OP as to winter weather water has been good; A stream named City Park will have its first winter New Orleans to one of this state's best black bass spots; the right-hand creek park has regular brown and R. H. catches you to try for abundant three- to four- to 10- to 15- to 20- to 30- to 40- to 50- to 60- to 70- to 80- to 90- to 100- to 110- to 120- to 130- to 140- to 150- to 160- to 170- to 180- to 190- to 200- to 210- to 220- to 230- to 240- to 250- to 260- to 270- to 280- to 290- to 300- to 310- to 320- to 330- to 340- to 350- to 360- to 370- to 380- to 390- to 400- to 410- to 420- to 430- to 440- to 450- to 460- to 470- to 480- to 490- to 500- to 510- to 520- to 530- to 540- to 550- to 560- to 570- to 580- to 590- to 600- to 610- to 620- to 630- to 640- to 650- to 660- to 670- to 680- to 690- to 700- to 710- to 720- to 730- to 740- to 750- to 760- to 770- to 780- to 790- to 800- to 810- to 820- to 830- to 840- to 850- to 860- to 870- to 880- to 890- to 900- to 910- to 920- to 930- to 940- to 950- to 960- to 970- to 980- to 990- to 1000- to 1010- to 1020- to 1030- to 1040- to 1050- to 1060- to 1070- to 1080- to 1090- to 1100- to 1110- to 1120- to 1130- to 1140- to 1150- to 1160- to 1170- to 1180- to 1190- to 1200- to 1210- to 1220- to 1230- to 1240- to 1250- to 1260- to 1270- to 1280- to 1290- to 1300- to 1310- to 1320- to 1330- to 1340- to 1350- to 1360- to 1370- to 1380- to 1390- to 1400- to 1410- to 1420- to 1430- to 1440- to 1450- to 1460- to 1470- to 1480- to 1490- to 1500- to 1510- to 1520- to 1530- to 1540- to 1550- to 1560- to 1570- to 1580- to 1590- to 1600- to 1610- to 1620- to 1630- to 1640- to 1650- to 1660- to 1670- to 1680- to 1690- to 1700- to 1710- to 1720- to 1730- to 1740- to 1750- to 1760- to 1770- to 1780- to 1790- to 1800- to 1810- to 1820- to 1830- to 1840- to 1850- to 1860- to 1870- to 1880- to 1890- to 1900- to 1910- to 1920- to 1930- to 1940- to 1950- to 1960- to 1970- to 1980- to 1990- to 2000- to 2010- to 2020- to 2030- to 2040- to 2050- to 2060- to 2070- to 2080- to 2090- to 2100- to 2110- to 2120- to 2130- to 2140- to 2150- to 2160- to 2170- to 2180- to 2190- to 2200- to 2210- to 2220- to 2230- to 2240- to 2250- to 2260- to 2270- to 2280- to 2290- to 2300- to 2310- to 2320- to 2330- to 2340- to 2350- to 2360- to 2370- to 2380- to 2390- to 2400- to 2410- to 2420- to 2430- to 2440- to 2450- to 2460- to 2470- to 2480- to 2490- to 2500- to 2510- to 2520- to 2530- to 2540- to 2550- to 2560- to 2570- to 2580- to 2590- to 2600- to 2610- to 2620- to 2630- to 2640- to 2650- to 2660- to 2670- to 2680- to 2690- to 2700- to 2710- to 2720- to 2730- to 2740- to 2750- to 2760- to 2770- to 2780- to 2790- to 2800- to 2810- to 2820- to 2830- to 2840- to 2850- to 2860- to 2870- to 2880- to 2890- to 2900- to 2910- to 2920- to 2930- to 2940- to 2950- to 2960- to 2970- to 2980- to 2990- to 3000- to 3010- to 3020- to 3030- to 3040- to 3050- to 3060- to 3070- to 3080- to 3090- to 3100- to 3110- to 3120- to 3130- to 3140- to 3150- to 3160- to 3170- to 3180- to 3190- to 3200- to 3210- to 3220- to 3230- to 3240- to 3250- to 3260- to 3270- to 3280- to 3290- to 3300- to 3310- to 3320- to 3330- to 3340- to 3350- to 3360- to 3370- to 3380- to 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tion the matter to a soul—proceeded to set a trap that he hoped would lead to busting the boxing racket wide open.

Two days later, the New York *Journal-American* broke the story under a screaming banner line—someone who may have been interviewed in setting the game from exposure had spilled the

key had fouled him, Farley thought the time had come for stern action. His "no foul" rule was roundly criticized at first, but it turned out to be the best measure ever adopted for the protection of the fight fans.

Battling Bob Christenberry, his anti-gangster campaign having failed, has no such coup to his credit yet, but you have to give him an E for effort. After the recent Kid Garchan-Joselyn Saxton stinker in Philadelphia, headline-conscious Bob got himself plenty of type mileage out of a proposal to switch New York over from the roundabout-point system of scoring fights to the straight-point method. In the same breath, he demanded that Saxton, the new advertising champion, who won his title on records of no-no-dinks and down-dicks-in-a-row, paraded him and other shortcomings on the part of the officials, ordered his tainted name in New York against Carmen Basilio.

If Bob goes on to realize things, it will be on the strength of such accomplishments as his new scoring system, his help in introducing safety mats for boxing rings, reeducation of the boxing laws, the adoption of eight-ounce gloves, compulsory physical examinations for referees and judges, stricter physicals for boxers, and organizing boxing's first Hall of Fame. Many of Bob's former advisers think he would have done better for himself and boxing if he had stuck to his original program of disorganizing boxing's Hall of Ill Fame.

Last week in New York, Republican Christenberry said he expected to retain his post despite the election of Democrat Averell Harriman to the governorship. A good many friends of boxing, some of them Republicans, have the chairman in wrong.



"No—It's not the referee at fault, but the state boxing commission!"



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THE FIRST 12 WEEKS

"I never realized that there could be a gap in our lives—until we began reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

In 12 eventful weeks, SI has started prize fights and settled ancient debates; it has provided spectacular department store displays and colorful TV and radio program fare. It has sold, for its advertisers, 2 out of 3 of the following products: ships, shoes, sewing wax; also sports cars, luggage, cameras, men's and women's apparel. It has been cut up by kids, bound in leather by executives, welcomed by mothers.

In its 3-month life, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 851 pages of editorial (176 of them in full-color) and 190 pages of advertising have opened a weekly window of magazine pleasure for more than 500,000 reader-families.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's World

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's business is pleasure. Here's where it has taken you in the three short months of its pleasant life: you started with the greatest race ever run between two hammers. You wandered leisurely back through the golden history of great sports events.



Color narrates took you into the ring with Rocky Marciano, into the batter's box against Robin Roberts. You went to Sarasota for the safe of yearlings, rode a speedboat with the fastest man afloat. You had an expert's eye view of the U. S. Amateur, watched the World Series, played golf at the Greenbrier, biked in the Himalayas, and swam in the cool world undersea.

You've fished in the great Northem, sailed to Bermuda, watched the ducks sweep down from the North—and maybe you've discovered, with SI's editors, that sport is a world without limit.

And the fun has only just begun.

"You have aroused my interest in other sports that I hardly read about previously."

The Writers

Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has brought between the covers of a single magazine the finest writing that exists on sports. Outstanding authorities provide a regular battery of sports columns never before found in a single publication: Rod Smith, Herman Hickman, John Bentley, Victor Kalnas, Ted O'Reilly, Billy Talbot, Herb Wad bring to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED their appreciative, sometimes wry, always penetrating insights into the sports they have spent their lives enjoying.

Famous writers have turned their brilliant talents to the world of sports: John Steinbeck, James T. Farrell, Jerome Weidman, Cornell Otis Skinner, and Paul Gallico has returned to sports—via SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

"Never has it been such a pleasure to make out a check. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is superb, and is interesting in every respect."

Circulation and Success

SI is priced high for a weekly, but not too high for those who appreciate the uniqueness of a national sports magazine. Its newsstand price is 25 cents. Its regular subscription price is \$2.50. (Its \$6.00 charter-subscriber offer was also the highest in magazine history). Yet high price or not, the world of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED seems to be a hard world to resist.

Subscriptions exceeded 250,000 before the magazine even had a name. 335,000 subscriptions had been received by August 26, the first issue. Newsstand sale was immediate and fast. Every issue since the first has been well over 500,000 copies.

Charter subscribers were given the option of paying their bills at the Charter rate, \$6.00, or getting three months' additional copies for \$7.50. More than 50% of the first 100,000 checks received were for \$7.50.



Subscription insert cards appeared in the first two issues, for the convenience of families who had been away during the summer, and for newstand buyers. More than 90,000 of these have come in to date.

"Since the days of the American frontier, sports have been the highlight of our way of life. Today, Americans have more time and income to indulge their love of sports. Translate this into dollars, and you come up with a multimillion-dollar business..."

Advertising Results

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED makes no claim that its impact alone has made business such a pleasure for its advertisers. But there does seem to be something about this wonderful world of sports that makes spending enjoyable. A few examples:



A handful of dealers we checked reported more than \$300,000 worth of orders for the Ford Thunderbird (the new car first presented to the public in the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED).

One TI-line ad produced \$5000 worth of business for a golf club maker in less than 3 weeks.

A single announcement ad sold two \$6,000 sports cars in the first two days after it appeared.

A motion picture camera manufacturer said: "The way dealers snapped up our products when we told them they were going to be advertised in SI, our campaign is already a success."

And many others: Curand Lines' travel—L. L. Bean's famous sporting goods catalogue—Knox's new line of hats, Brooks Bros. clothing—Pudvin shoes—and many other advertisers report specific success from their advertising in SI.

100 New Advertisers

While still a gleam in Time Inc.'s eye, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED started in busi-

KID WITH A CUE

Little Willie Hoppe played matches crawling around on billiard tables, confounding and infuriating his grown-up adversaries



FRANK AND WILLIE

Just around the turn of the century a seemingly bizarre bit of billiard match-making sent a 12-year-old boy to play Al Taylor, then about 30 and one of the country's best balking players. It was agreed that Little Willie Hoppe would be allowed to climb on the table to make his shots. At the outset of the match, which was held at the luxurious American Billiard Academy in Chicago, Taylor was very jovial. He patted Willie on the head and promised to buy him ice cream if he won. And Willie did win, 300 to 207. Taylor burst into a rage, slamming his cue across his knee. After buying ice cream for his conqueror, he gave up billiards and went to Colorado to take up mining.

The victory over Taylor made Wil-

lie nationally famous as "The Boy Wonder," a name he always detested but which ironically persisted, not only after his hair grew thin and gray, but even after his retirement from tournament billiards two years ago. The match with Taylor, however, was just another milestone in an implausible childhood and youth.

Six years before, Willie and Frank Hoppe had invaded the postroom of their father's Commercial Hotel in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York. They were attracted by the sharp click of billiard balls and the fast quips of traveling salesmen who met there to play and kibitz. Willie was 6, Frank 8. Their father, a good player, watched at first as they dragged soap boxes up to the table and stood on them to imitate the shots they had seen. But he soon took over the boys' instruction, drilling them several hours each morning. For Mr. Hoppe had fixed on an idea: he was determined to see his tykes trim the visiting drummers.

Impressed (and embarrassed) when the little Hoppes made them look like



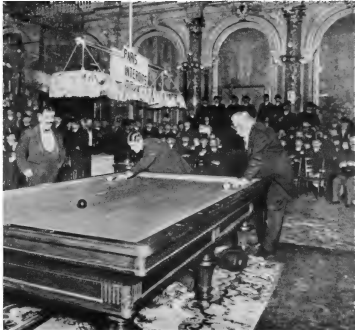
ONERFUL WILLIE (CENTER) AMAZED THE



so many jelly-fingered beginners, the patrons of the Commercial persuaded Papa Hoppe to take his boys to Professor Daly's billiard academy in New York. In an exhibition there Frank and Willie did so well that they stayed for two weeks at the invitation of the professor, who had noted how they pleased the crowds in his establishment. At the end of the engagement Mr. Hoppe reached a decision. He summoned his wife, billed Frank and Willie as "The Boy Woodens" and put his show on the road.

The boys barnstormed through the

THE BOY WONDER at 12 acted like an old pro. Adult opponents saw ineptitude in each cross of Willie's short paws.



BILLIARDS WORLD BY OUTPLAYING CHAMPION MAURICE VIGNAUX, WHOSE GALLIC DISPLAYS OF TEMPERAMENT HE CALMLY IGNORED

small towns of the country. Pool hall proprietors paid from \$1 to \$25 for an exhibition. Their fortunes were uncertain. Sometimes Mama had to pawn her diamond to get the family out of town. When Willie was 12 Frank quit the act, determined to study stenography. (He returned to Cornwall and died there in the late '30s after teaching billiards in Chicago.) But Willie stuck with it. He soon became enough of an attraction in himself. He improved his situation by mastering the more difficult balkline billiards, at which Americans Jake Schaefer and George Sloman and Frenchman Maurice (The Lion) Vignaux were making handsome incomes. After his balkline victory over Taylor, Willie prospered.

At 16 Willie toured with Jake Schaefer. But when, two years later, he challenged Sloman, who had dethroned Schaefer for the 18.2 championship, Sloman snarled that he would not play an unknown.

Soon thereafter Willie made a reputation which no one could ignore. (Sloman did meet and lose to him the following year.) He went to Paris to play Vignaux for the world's 18.1 title.

The night of January 15, 1906, some 3,000 Frenchmen crowded into the lavish ballroom of the Grand Hotel to watch the old Lion defeat this challenger who looked like a lad at his first formal dance. The white-maned Vignaux had majestic bearing and a gift for dramatic flourish. He seemed like

an eminent professor about to squelch a college freshman. But plump, round-faced Willie, his hair plastered and parted in the middle, was quite calm. He beat over the table like a laboratory scientist, prepared to capitalize on every error Vignaux made. Whenever Vignaux missed he yielded the table with an elaborately sardonic bow. Willie, not realizing its effect on the Lion's blood pressure, would give him a moon-faced grin and return to work. While the audience booed his cold efficiency, Hoppe scored repeated high runs and won the title, 500-325. He returned to New York to be met by a great crowd and a brass band playing *The Yankee Doodle Boy*; he was the champion of the world—and still only 18 years old.

FACELESS MILLIONS

Sir:

Congratulations on your fine article on the boxing situation.

Thanks a million for standing up for the freedom millions who merely pay indirectly for these famous by buying beer and razor blades.

Send the message again.

W. W. FINKLER

Brooklyn

THREE BLIND NICE

Sir:

I've been tempted to write you ever since the Saxon-Gavilan fight (if you call it a fight), but decided to await your views which I saw have in your current issue of SI. I don't think anything ever did boxing as much harm as the above mentioned exhibition. At the same time, I don't think anything will do as much good for the game as the article in your magazine.

Personally, I was much impressed when, at the start, both the Cuban national anthem and our own Star-Spangled Banner were played, but I feel the program chairman certainly missed the beat when he failed to render *Three Blind Mice* when the verdict was announced.

If Saxon was surprised at the verdict, and no better ever displayed greater surprise, I think he and his manager are in for a still greater surprise when they get out to make that "lot of money" they continually refer to. Finally, I don't think Saxon would draw his breath as a champion, and I think the largest pot of gold he could ever dream of would have to come through a return bout with Gavilan. Time will tell.

With best wishes for your continued success.

NAME WITHHELD

High Point, N.C.

I HAVE GIVEN UP

Sir:

Just 15 minutes ago received my Mar. 1st copy of your fine magazine and immediately read Budd Schulberg's article *Boxing's Dirty Business Must Be Unmasked* in *SI*. I say more power to you.

I am an avid boxing fan, I support world-time boxing by attending all events, and never miss a nationally televised fight. However, I have just about given up. Talk of "a" was being going the rounds here for quite some time, but I have always been the one to defend it. However, I can no longer put up a defense.

After the Gavilan & Saxon fiasco, what is there left to say? Then right behind it comes the Harper & Flanagan gel-together. Another bee-bee-ah boy wins.

If boxing can't be cleaned up, at least let's keep it out of the homes.

In closing, let me say I enjoy your magazine and keep up the good work.

CHAS H. SMITH

Santa Monica, Calif.

WRONG MAN

Sir:

Your picture of Manager Palermo hitting Saxon after their "imitation of a fist fight" would indicate that the wrong man entered

the ring. Judging from his performance, it is dubious if Saxon could return the gesture.

TERRY FRANK

Quebec City, Quebec

WARMY IT

Sir:

If nothing else does your article on the star arising from a recent fight makes your magazine worth while. Something must be done about boxing. Either the boxers are terrible or the promoters rotten—or both. Perhaps you could give small clubs a boost—those with up-and-coming fighters not yet spotted by the men who run things.

I am so tired of the enthusiastic reporting of TV announcers I wish just one would say, "Isn't this a 'sissy fight'?"

R. L. FAIRBANKS

Detroit

ACCESSORY AFTER THE WALTZ

Sir:

Your article by Budd Schulberg in the Nov. 1st issue has the writings of a scribe far sturdier and malicious victimization of purities who have interpreted the outcome of a pugilistic encounter based on actual performance of the combatants. Your bravado to print such prattle and nonsense aside accusations should make you an accessory after the fact.

Since reading this article, I have completely reversed my opinion that sports-writers and commentators know through experience, how to judge a fight. We, the people who have to listen to such assessments on television and radio, will however take all this with a large grain of salt (rock salt).

EDWARD F. PRITCHARD

Washington, D.C.

FANDON THE EXPRESSION

Sir:

I am much obliged to SI for giving me the opportunity to sound off about the Saxon-Gavilan "fight." It definitely was a *loosey* (if you will pardon this coach-school teacher's expression?) fight. However, I definitely agree with the judge's and referee's decision. It wasn't a case of Saxon's fighting a better fight than Gavilan; it was a clear case of Gavilan fighting a worse fight than Saxon. My comment at the end of the fight was that, however dull the fight, Saxon was the winner. My husband concurred. Then the ring announcer substantiated my thinking. When I read that some reporters gave Gavilan as many as ten rounds, I was flabbergasted. Gavilan did nothing, but nothing, until the last round when it looked like he figured that maybe the fight wasn't in the bag, so he had better start making like a fighter.

I predict that Saxon will lose his title in his first defense of it, but he won't lose it to Gavilan, unless Gavilan can do better than he did last week.

GEORGIANNE KAYNE

Grandville, Mich.

MY OTHER OUTRY

Sir:

Since your first issue last summer I've been a fairly constant reader, and have enjoyed and learned much from the articles

and superb photographs. I hope you won't mind my registering a mild kick over two items in your Oct. 28 issue.

Of these the most bothersome to me is the array of game-bog photos on page 26—the deer-sized mouse, the eleven trussed-up blackall backs, and the surplus buffalo potbed in some Pennsylvania backwoods pasture. I've been a hunter most of my life, but I never had much affection for the sort of gunners who enjoy posing for the public prints with the remains of their quarry. They remind me of the old duck-club pictures of 50 years ago, where gunners would be so buried in waterfowl that you could hardly find their faces. Now the sons and grandsons of those Nimrods find it hard to locate enough ducks for a four-bird daily limit. Maybe you have a lot of readers who like pictures of the butcheries, but I just want to register as one who doesn't.

My other outcry is over the Gilligan article on North Dakota foxes and pheasants. It seems to have been written only for the edification of the few characters who refuse to admit that predators do so kill game, and healthy specimens of game at that.

Sure, foxes kill pheasants. So do raccoons, snakes, badgers, ground-squirrels, crows, skunks, weasels and wandering hewmen. But who made a census around Bowman, N.D. to prove that *ferer* were the Great Killers and Egg Eaters that Gilligan's article and title indicated? In that country, I would suspect that the foxes would have ample competition from the other predators I've mentioned, and from coyotes too, but Gilligan dismisses the others as minor nuisances. A more thorough field study seems to be in order.

He hardly hints at drought, flooded nests, disease, the hunting take and other causes of mortality to pheasant eggs, young or adults. And he doesn't mention that if each pair of Bowman nesting pheasants raised seven duckproof young per season, North Dakota would be up to its neck in pheasants within five years. What these innocent birds would find for food is hardly worth thinking about. Or does Gilligan contend that only man is good enough to be allowed to kill game birds, and that foxes and other raptors should be exterminated if they refuse to stick to a strictly mouse nation?

As a boy, I used to hunt cougars, coyotes and wolves with a government hunter on the Kaibab Plateau in southern Utah. He killed over 600 cougars alone in 10 years. The male deer multiplied thereafter so fast that they wiped out their own range, forced ranchers to remove cattle from the area, and degenerated into starving, disease-carrying wrecks. So I am as wary of these predator-exterminating writers as I am of the arrant-bloke who claims that predatory animals either cannot or will not kill anything but sick or crippled quarry.

There are many other fallacies in the Gilligan survey. It admits that the study was confined to only 123 nests actually located and watched in a four square-mile area in a favorable pheasant region that must have carried a much larger number of nests that were too well concealed to be found by humans. Many such nests may have come

through to produce chicks, even though most of the chicks may later have been killed by all sorts of causes.

I honestly think that Gilligan, and perhaps some of the SI editorial staff, could profit by some of the really great field work done as game by men such as Darwell Allen, Edminster, and Goings in the past 10 years. Allen's *Wildlife Legacy* is the best argument I've seen yet on the fact that adequate cover, year-round food and shelter increase are a much better solution to the game shortage than small-bag limits, predator-controlization and artificial stocking. Food and cover are VITAL.

Some of the people Gilligan quotes just make no sense whatever—such as the guy who claimed that Hudson River pheasants, with their Mesogian ancestry, just weren't equipped to deal with American fowls. Asia warms with fowls and other predatory animals and birds quite as lethal as anything we can offer. Yet the pheasants have flourished throughout Asia for a long time now, thanks to ample cover and abundant food and freedom from the meddling of theorists of either the predator-killer or the fox-eats-everything-but-mine schools of thought.

In Maine last summer, half-wild house rats had become a terrible scourge on young and nesting grouse. In Cofer's County, in two weeks, I shot 12 rats, all of them more than a mile from any dwelling. All were plump and prosperous from their chipmunk and bird diets. Game wardens up there who knew their business told me that fowls, gamebirds and other native predators were not worth considering as grouse hazards compared with rats, prolonged rainy weather and parasites. The only natural predator they felt in need of drastic control was the raccoon, and only a renewed market for coonskin furs in likely to bring much improvement to that situation.

I'm not bickering for SI to become a crusading sheet, God knows, but as a new magazine with a big circulation in such a controversial field as sports and outdoor life, I think it might pay off to carry a few pieces on game management by men such as Allen, who know what they are talking about.

GEORGE DOCK, JR.

New York

● An excellent idea, Dr. Darwell Allen, eminent ecologist, formerly in charge of wildlife investigation on agricultural lands for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and associate professor of wildlife management at Purdue University, will present the ecologist's view in SI, Nov. 22.—Ed.

IT NEEDED TO BE SAID

Sir:

Your article by Mr. Edward Gilligan entitled *The Fawn That Never Got Pheasants* is a message that has needed to be said for the last 25 years.

Mr. Gilligan has handled the subject as only he could and you are to be congratulated for printing it. Well done. . . .

I personally have some money I would like to use to distribute reprints of this article near and far. . . .

MANLY F. MISNER

The Jack Misner Migratory Bird Foundation Inc.

Kingsville, Ontario

WHERE CAN THEY COMPETE?

Sir:

Mr. Canham is oh, so right in labeling the fact that we don't even compete regularly in six Olympic events as a "serious oversight." Only rarely in America is competition conducted in the hop-step-and-jump, steeplechase, 400-meter hurdles, hammer throw, 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs. It is no wonder then that America sometimes makes a rather poor showing in most of these events.

As Don Canham points out, many of our best athletes retire before their prime. The Russians this summer inquired about Olympic 400-meter hurdles winner Charley Moore and were amazed to hear that he was no longer running. Many of our best runners and throwers retire early, not because they are tired of competition, but because they can't find it. There are fairly good track programs in New York and California, and a few or even better in Chicago (although competition opportunities in this area are increasing), but on the whole the graduated athlete has to look hard and long to find sufficient competition.

The solution to this problem is by no means simple, nor is it as difficult as might be expected. Many colleges and towns sponsor large relay meets in the spring. If clubs and unattached athletes were allowed to compete, even if only in one or two open events (and some of the meets do allow this already), these would be more incentive for the runner and thrower to continue competing after leaving the intercollegiate program.

HAL HIGGINS, President
U. of Chicago Track Club

Chicago

INDIVIDUAL FANATICISM

Sir:

As a member of the last Olympic team I read and was favorably impressed with your article, *Russian Will Win the 1956 Olympics*. I hope that many more articles will appear on track and field. They should stimulate interest and help to solve the problems.



BACKLASH IN ACTION

Last summer I toured Europe on a personally financed development tour, competing in my event. At present, individual specialists are the only means available to overcome the problem. However, few youngsters would be willing to sacrifice in the same way.

Track officials in Europe are amazed at our lack of programing for our youth, par-

ticularly in view of what they consider the tremendous wealth of material in this country. We are preoccupied with big money and professional sports. Still, we should be able to organize some track and field programs to fill the need. Articles like Canham's are a step in the right direction.

RON BACKUS

New York

● Bob Backus, former Tufts track-and-field star, recently captured unofficial U.S. records by tossing 25-pound weight 63 ft., 5 in.—ED.

RUSSIAN RECORDS

Sir:

Don Canham's warning (SI, Oct. 25) that we face a very strong possibility of suffering our first track and field defeat, by Russia, in the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia, should not be taken lightly. . . . Toward this effort they have made tremendous strides.

To illustrate the Soviet advancement, a comparison can be made of their national records in the 19 standard Olympic events for the years indicated. In 1948 the oldest U.S.S.R. record in the books dated back to 1938. All the present records were made since 1950, with the exception of the high jump, which is of 1948 vintage. To further emphasize Russia's improvement, 18 of the present records were made this year. Actually the American national records are superior in 14 events, but they extend back through some twenty years.

	1948	1954
100-meter dash	16.0 sec.	15.2 sec.
200-meter dash	21.6 "	21.1 "
400-meter run	48.4 "	46.1 "
800-meter run	1:52.4 "	1:49.4 "
1,500-meter run	3:53.2 "	3:48.4 "
5,000-meter run	14:37.0 "	13:51.4 "
10,000-meter run	30:52.4 "	29:51.4 "
3,000-meter steeplechase	9:42.0 "	8:48.6 "
110-meter high hurdles	14.6 "	14.1 "
400-meter low hurdles	32.8 "	30.4 "
400-meter high hurdles	8' 4 1/2"	6' 6 1/2"
1,500-meter steeplechase	20' 6 1/2"	19' 6 1/2"
5,000-meter steeplechase	17' 3 1/2"	16' 9 1/2"
10,000-meter steeplechase	34' 1 1/2"	32' 5 1/2"
100-meter dash	16.0 "	15.2 "
200-meter dash	21.6 "	21.1 "
400-meter run	48.4 "	46.1 "
800-meter run	1:52.4 "	1:49.4 "
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10,000-meter steeplechase	34' 1 1/2"	32' 5 1/2"

Russia still has two more years to prepare, while the United States is at a standstill in some events. For instance, in the 400-meter medium hurdles, former American Olympic Champion Glenn Hardie, Charles Moore and Ray Cochran are now ranked in that order behind the Russian pair, Yuriy Lingerov and Anatoly Yulin, in the world's all-time best performance list. In the United States this event is contested in just a few relay carnivals, some sectional and all National AAU Championships, and by the NCAA only during Olympic years. . . . An American athlete is lucky if he can participate twice during the season in one of these so-called odd events, whereas the Russians compete week after week in the full Olympic program. . . .

ROBERT A. GILBERT, M.Sgt., USAF
Great Falls AFB, Mont.

*1954 scoring system

HOME IS THE HUNTER

Six, Six—Oct. 25, page 26, 19 homers, 11 deer. Who's embarrassed?
JOHN C. CORSON

Ashland, Ore.



19TH MAN, PREVIOUSLY CROPPED

NORBERT SCHEMANSKY VS. POTS AND BUMS

Sir: In the October 18th issue, one line in the column MIND FROM THE PUBLISHERS stands out in my mind. Quote: "But, in general, sports are, to look at." True enough, but look at your American today and what do you see? Pots. Yup, they've gone to pot. The great American sports scene, a bottle of beer and a television set. Ah, but we're all experts on boxing, baseball, football and what have you. We watch a boxer take a licking for ten rounds and curse him because he lost. "Why, the lousy bum. He shoulda fought; he ain't in shape." Then we get up off our fat seats and yell to the car to run 50 feet down the street for a pack of bats. So it's fitting that SI would make a bit with us; we can read about it without any more effort than sending in a check for a subscription.

I like the magazine very much and when I tell you that I find only one fault with it and explain what it is, the reaction from you people will probably be what I expect. How about publishing more stories and pictures on the sport of WEIGHT LIFTING? Oh, yes, there is a mention in SCHEMANSKY of weight lifting, about 25 words. Don't get me wrong, I go for all sports but weight lifting happens to interest me because I do it in my own home to keep in shape—not for competition.



NED MR. SCHEMANSKY

Everyone knows Ted Williams, but who has heard of Norbert Schemansky, Guglielmi, but how about Dave Sheppard? Yet all are tops in their field of sports. I do realize

that baseball, football, basketball and hockey and boxing are followed by all Americans, while weight lifting is not. But then turns one sports magazine that will give this sport a play. You cannot name one. So how about it? A little mention of weight lifting and maybe a couple of the champions in pictures?

EDWARD J. SCULLY
West Springfield, Mass.



NED MR. SHEPPARD

• But who's Guglielmi?—ED.

COMPLETE MISREPRESENTATION

Sir:

At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors of The Poodle Club of America a resolution was passed that, as the Parent Club for the breed, a letter be written to you, as publishers of SI, with following comments regarding SI's Sept. 6 article entitled, *New Vogue for an Old Favorite*.

Some of the pictures used completely misrepresented the breed. For instance, there is not one picture on pages 24 and 25 at the top of the page that shows a poodle with a small, oval eye, such as is called for in the ideal photo.

The last sentence under the photograph on page 25 is a fallacy. Certainly, since this dog is a misnomer, one of the three misrepresentations in the breed, he is not representative. Also, quoting from the Standard for

the Breed, as set up by the American Kennel Club, "Ears set low and hanging close to the head. The leather long, wide, and heavily feathered—when drawn forward almost reaches the nose." You can see that these dogs cannot truly represent the breed.

The harm done the breed of poodles has been tremendous through this national publicity, as the photographs stimulated interest in the parti-colored, which as stated above, are disqualifying in the official Standard for Poodles as set up by the American Kennel Club. We feel that it was unfortunate that in your first article on a breed of dog you should have printed something so contrary to the best interests of that breed and did not check your story with someone qualified to give you the facts.

Mrs. J. A. MARSH, Secretary
The Poodle Club of America
Pine Orchard, Conn.

• The Poodle Club of America's restrictive standards notwithstanding, the fact is that parti-colored poodles are becoming increasingly popular and poodle breeders are currently doing a thriving parti-colored business.—ED.

THANKS

SIR:

THANKS.

JOSEPHINE ABERCROMBIE
VIRGILVILLE, KY.

• You're welcome.—ED.

I STILL MAINTAIN

Sir:

After years of lauding remarks about the appearance of my Club E Infant Lakes racing snow, the "Serenade," I, like other snow sailors, was very happy to read the results of the "One-of-a-kind" series (SI, Oct. 11). Also regarding "the exaggerating propensities" of the Middlewesterners (19th Hole, SI, Oct. 18), I must still maintain that in the "Serenade" I reached 25 mph as reported by one of our Laguna Beach Yacht Club members. ...

ART KONKLE

Chicago



"I think he's from that Canadian team that played here last week."

*This Superb Canadian
Whisky is available in
the Beautiful Decanter
at No Extra Cost*



Precious to Give Precious to Receive

MAC NAUGHTON'S CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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